

ZION'S HERALD

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"HE TRAVELS SAFEST WHO TRAVELS LIGHTEST."—When Cortez entered Mexico, he believed the conquest of the city easy. But on the night of July 7, 1620, he found it much too hot for him. A forced escape, sword in hand, through a narrow path, beset on either side by great numbers of infuriated natives, was the only one possible. Immense treasures, for which he had ventured into his perilous position, lay about him. Notwithstanding the midnight trial of nimble feet and skillful sword arms, some of his followers began to load themselves with gold and silver: "He travels safest who travels lightest!" exclaimed the commander. But the Spaniards, being willing, as the majority of men of every age have been, to run great risks for gold, went forth to the conflict with the fatal encumbrance. About half of them perished by the way. Those who reached in safety the open country, had at last been obliged to strip themselves for the fight.

So, not only in the special fights, but in the daily conflicts which attend our pilgrimage heavenward, he travels safest who travels lightest.

Gold, beyond what secures the food and raiment with which we are commanded to be content, is an occasion of fatal stumbling. It is said that the companions of Cortez, who on that terrible night were known to carry treasures, were the objects of the most numerous and sharpest arrows. So do riches invite our enemy's "fiery darts."

Christian brother, inquire whether better spiritual progress could not be made by you, if you parted, for Christ's sake, with more of your worldly substance. Lighten your load by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, giving wings to the Bible, and a voice to the Gospel in heathen lands. It may be you have too much set apart for home expenditures—too much for worldly gratification, to insure good progress heavenward.

Christian women, do you travel as safely in the path of life as you would if traveling lighter? Dress, made specially attractive in the eyes of the world, is a favoring mark to him who ever seeks through it to wound the soul. Costly apparel entangles the feet in the narrow way. Jewels weigh down the soul which would rise into "the higher life." z.

We think it was Dr. Lyman Beecher, who was said to have once offered the petition in public prayer, that we might be saved from the sin of despising our rulers, and to have immediately followed this request with another, that we might be saved from rulers that we could not help despising. If the sad revelations now made in the public prints are, as they seem to be, well-founded, in reference to a late Senator of the United States, such a prayer would have a peculiar pertinence at the present time. We can conceive of nothing more shameful in a public man, filling the office he did, than the authorship of the letters published in the *New York Times* from autographic copies signed by Hon. J. R. Doolittle. A clerk in the Treasury Department at Washington, Mr. Conalty, through failing health, secured, by the aid of influential friends, Mr. Doolittle among others, an opportunity to trade in cotton in certain southern States, under proper governmental restrictions, during the late war. The permit was signed by President Lincoln. Immediately upon his obtaining the required papers, Senator Doolittle, with most astonishing impudence proposed to him in direct terms to share with him his profits, for the small service he had rendered him. Not only this, but he writes for the clerk a letter to himself, containing statements not true; in fact, making him (Doolittle) a voluntary offer of one fourth of his profits, to which he requests the clerk to copy in his own handwriting; and also sends to him an answer to this letter, which should have the appearance of being written by Mr. Doolittle, after he had received

the pretended voluntary communication from Mr. Conalty, the clerk. It is a sad development of the influence of an over-eager desire for money, upon the demoralized conscience of a man in high position, and one who is under solemn pledges, direct and indirect, to the community never to subordinate his official facilities simply to his personal behoof, but to do his duty to his fellow-citizens, honestly and in the fear of God; without receiving bribes, or taking fraudulent measures to increase his worldly substance. This revelation, written unfortunately by his own hand, affords a painful commentary upon the Senator's late advocacy of the necessity of reform in the present Administration, and of the institution of a purer government in which he himself, possibly, might fill a conspicuous position.

In view of the approaching National Centennial, which is to have its municipal celebration in Philadelphia four years hence, measures have been taken to restore the old Independence Hall, where the Provincial Assemblies were held, where the great Declaration of national existence and freedom was made, and where the first Federal Congress was opened, to its original condition, as far as possible. The old furniture, scattered among public institutions and in private families, has been gathered, where it could be discovered. Portraits of the signers of the Declaration have been obtained. The original, beautiful wainscotting of the room, which has been hidden by pictures, has been disclosed to view. The portraits of the Presidents of the United States have been arranged in order. A platform, like the ancient one upon which the President of the Continental Congress sat, has been prepared. The original drafts of the Declaration itself is carefully preserved, and it is hoped the owners will be pleased to deposit it upon the President's table. The Journal of Congress for 1770 is in the hall, and its pages stand open at the date of July 4th, on which the Declaration is recorded. The old Liberty Bell which rang out that wonderful peal, the echoes of which have not yet died away upon the earth, will be placed in the vestibule under the dome.

It is to be hoped that such will be the quiet, prosperous condition of the country when this memorable era breaks upon us, that the whole land, in generous rivalry of patriotism, and in universal harmony, will celebrate with hearty thanksgiving to God, an event so interesting in our common history.

The *Advertiser* of last Tuesday calls the Mayor to account for permitting the weekly harbor excursions, on the Sabbath, to sail without the interference of the police, accompanied, as they often are, by bands of music, gathering the worst of the city population in their company, and disturbing, as they sometimes do, adjoining villages where a landing is made. It is not that the *Advertiser* desires to put a stop to these pleasure (?) trips: by no means. It feels grateful that the denizens of the crowded city streets and houses, enjoy these opportunities to breathe purer air, and to behold fairer prospects than greet them in the heated city; but it uses this fact as an *a fortiori* argument to break down the Mayor's reasoning against opening the City Library on the Sabbath. If such an apparently gross indulgence is granted without restriction of law, how much more should the quiet readers of the city be permitted, it argues, to enter the doors of a decent public resort. We will heartily join our neighbor in an effort to destroy the main premiss upon which the argument is based. Whether it falls to the duty of the Mayor, or the State Constables to prevent these noisy and irregular expeditions, breaking the peace of the Sabbath in the harbor, and on the adjoining shores, may be a question. Certainly, with such a company as the *Advertiser* describes,

and such scenes attending the trip, it cannot be a "necessity or a charity" that they should be suffered to continue. The possible benefit to body or mind by such Sabbath recreations, cannot be a doubtful question. Wherever the authority rests to repress such open Sabbath-breaking, we trust it will be vigorously asserted.

In the *Western Christian Advocate* of August 7, and in the last number of August 14, are two very instructive articles from a correspondent, recounting the incidents in his experience of a great spiritual blessing he received while in college—his way out of the enjoyment of this "higher life," and his way also back again to the lost experience. He yielded the point he had gained, partly through ignorance of the nature of the blessing received, and the means of retaining and developing it. He was embarrassed, also, by the unhappy illustrations of this form of high religious profession, on the part of some of its warmest advocates. He was stumbled when he tried to philosophize as to the force of the terms used to describe it—"perfection," "perfect love," "living without sin," etc.; and, finally, losing the freshness of its enjoyment, he began to doubt its reality, and sank back into a state of both inward and outward struggle against temptation and a worldly spirit; hoping, in this way, to grow gradually into a condition of constant spiritual victory and peace.

From this legal, very painful, and unfruitful experience, he was awakened to see the hopelessness of his effort to redeem himself, and was once more enabled to rest in complete and confiding trust, through the power of the Holy Spirit, upon One "able to save unto the uttermost." Then the former rest and joy in the Holy Ghost returned with renewed power, and he is now walking in the blissful persuasion that he loves God with all his heart. The articles are very calmly and intelligently written.

The *Nashville Christian Advocate* of last week contains a wood engraving of the Southern Methodist Publishing House in Nashville, Tenn. It makes a very imposing appearance in the cut. It is four stories high with a French roof. It has a front of 116 feet, and runs back towards the river 224 feet. It is expected to cost about \$100,000. The original foundations of the building that was burned remained, and the new edifice stands upon them. The whole property, land and building, is valued at \$250,000.

The last *Watchman* (English Wesleyan) contains as a supplement the first draft of the stations of the ministers for the ensuing year. This is sent out for consideration and emendation. What a delightful flutter on the part of ministers and people would be occasioned, if our "Cabinets" should send out their "first draft" of appointments for criticism or sanction! How long probably would it take to adjust all conflicting interests?

The *Evangelist* contains a comparative summary of the condition of the United Northern Presbyterian Church. Its membership numbers 468,164; Sunday-school scholars, 485,762. It has raised for ministers' salaries, \$2,597,342; for Congregational purposes, \$5,012,907; for all purposes, missionary, educational, etc., including the above, \$10,086,526. There has been a general and wholesome increase in every department during the year.

California gains a great accession to its educational force in the acceptance of Prof. D. C. Gilman, of Yale College, of the Presidency of the University of California. A better scholar, a finer platform-speaker, or a more genial man could not be lost from the East, to be gained and appreciated by the far West.

Original and Selected Papers.

THE DYING STAGE-DRIVER.

BY GEORGE N. BRYANT.

In the land of gold and silver,
Land of hope to earnest deliver,
Lay the old stage-driver dying,
Sad and restless, slowly dying.
All his days were past for working,
Yet his right foot wildly jerking,
And a sadness in his features,
Rough and weather-beaten features,
Tell of some distressful feeling,
Death's approach not quite concealing.

Asked the servant then his master,
"Farest thou the great disaster?"
And he answered 'mid the groaning,
'Mid the weary restless moaning,
'Down the grade I'm swiftly rolling,
With the brake beyond controlling,
And I'm going faster, faster;
Of the coach I've long been master;
But the brake—I cannot reach it!
Nevermore my foot will reach it!
O the yawning, fearful chasm!"
Then a dreadful, deadly spasm
Closed the course of the old driver,
And he plunged beneath the river.

Thoughtless mortal, awful sorrow
Lies before thee; e'en to-morrow,
Useless tears and cries heart-rending
May proclaim thy life's sad ending;
Ending with thy God's displeasure,
Fearful more than thought can measure,
O, the darkness never ceasing!
O, the anguish e'er increasing!
Of the soul at death's dark portal;
Of the self-destroyed immortal;
Of a life for trifles caring;
Of a death of heaven despairing!
Fly to Christ for pardon proffered,
For the bliss eternal offered.

THE FIRST WEEK IN THE WOODS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF MARTHA'S VINEYARD CAMP-MEETING.

BY HENRY BAYLIES.

The week before the first camp-meeting held on the present grounds of the Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting Association was long ago, but is fresh in my recollection. It had been decided to inaugurate a camp-meeting which should be held annually until the millennium, whenever that might occur. Jeremiah Pease, esq., of Edgartown, for long years the unpaid apostle to the "East side," had traversed the East Chop, and selected the grove, and marked the two stately oaks which should become the chief pillars in this new temple of our Lord. These were to stand on either hand of the preachers' stand, and upon them were to hang two large lanterns, to enlighten the preachers while they should enlighten the people. A vessel was freighted at Edgartown with lumber, sails, etc., for the new camping-ground. Her cargo was rafted ashore on the east side of the Chop, just below the Bluffs bathing-houses. It was a hard day's work to get the material ashore, and up to the grove; but it was done, and the preachers' stand was partly constructed the same day. The preachers' stand, as many will remember, was a mere shanty, made of rough boards, without shingles or floor; the inside designed for preachers' lodgings, and the outside for preachers' preaching. The first night came on before the stand; our only shelter in the woods was completed. Wearied with the long and hard day's work, prayers said, we all turned in to enjoy the laboring man's sleep. We were waked by noise, like rain on our roof; but the oldest of our party assured us it was "only the dew dripping from the trees." The "dew" came thicker and faster, and proved more copious than even the dew on Hermon. Our straw bed was in peril of flood, and the "boys" turned out and shoved more rough boards upon the roof, just in season to escape a thorough drenching. The oldest of the "boys" says the youngest, who is the writer hereof, dreamed that night of snakes, and cried out in his sleep, "take that snake off." The novelty of sleeping in the woods, and the wildness of the night, render his statement quite probable.

During the week the stand was completed, seats were arranged, and some nine tent frames, built of rough joists, were covered with superannuated sails of various patterns. While the men were thus employed, we two younger boys, John Wesley and myself, were employed in pulling up huckleberry brush within the "circle of the tent," and doubtless thought we had the hardest part of the work.

Water was obtained by sinking two barrels close to the edge of the Squashmeadow Pond, now called "Lake Anthony," for some reason to this writer unknown. These barrels furnished sufficient water for

the first meeting. Owing to a storm, and the non-arrival of a vessel which was to bring us supplies, we got short of provisions, and John W. and myself were started out on a foraging expedition. We succeeded, and, at noon-time, brought in from a farm house, near by, a large tin pail full of salt junk, potatoes, turnips, parsnips, etc., which were spread for our dinner. Our table was the door of the preachers' stand, laid on carpenter's saw benches. The dinner and the table were rough, but good appetites converted the salt junk, even, into a luxury.

Our party, camping on the ground this first week, were Thomas M. Coffin, esq. and his two sons, Sirson P. and John Wesley, and Frederick Baylies, esq., and his son Henry, the writer hereof, all of Edgartown. I think Mr. Freeman Sherman, of Nantucket, was with Jeremiah Pease, esq. when the place was selected. Messrs. Thomas M. Coffin, Jeremiah Pease, and Frederick Baylies took the first lease of the ground for a camp-meeting, of William Butler, esq. and agreed to pay fifteen dollars for it, and to pay all damage that might be done to the woods and fences, and to the sheep by dogs. This was the day of small beginnings, and small prices. The speculation in camp-meeting lots had not then begun, it would seem. Frederick Baylies, one of the original projectors of this meeting, alone survives. Of the original five who camped on the ground that first week, T. M. Coffin, esq. only has passed upwards, Sirson P. Coffin, esq. has long been familiarly known as the Agent of the Association, and has camped on the ground almost ever since. His brother, John Wesley Coffin, resides in Watertown, and the writer hereof in Boston.

My pen moves on to write of the progress of the meeting since that first week, but others have written of this. Perhaps what I have already written, may as well not be written; but here it is for what it is worth, and it supplies the first chapter in the history of this now famous Vineyard Camp-meeting, which has never before, to my knowledge, been written.

COLLEGES AND THEOLOGICAL SEMINARIES, OR NOT.

BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

Drs. Cox and Kidder have recently been saying some good things in the *HERALD* and *Advocate*, *pro* and *con*, on the following question: "Do our ministers need, as a general rule, in order to their highest efficiency, both a collegiate and professional training before they enter upon their responsibilities?" With nearly all those brethren have said, we most heartily agree; but, it seems to us, that one of them stops an inch this side of the true standard, and the other goes an inch beyond.

With the well-established theory and practice of our Church on ministerial education, what is the teaching of common sense on the question stated and discussed?

Colleges and theological seminaries need no defense or apology in our Church; for they have long been a legitimate part of it; and are doing confessedly a noble work for the Church. But whether they are doing just what they should, or whether all our young men, or generally, should avail themselves of *all* the advantages they both offer, to be sure, are quite different questions.

If a young man can enter the academy early, and has the health and means to stay three years, four in college, and three in the seminary, before he enters the active ministry, who would not advise and urge him to do so? When all such possible enter our ministry, they will be too few, and many calls for them will be left unanswered, as is the case now.

But of that large class who do not become Christians, and who cannot, or do not enter the academy till quite advanced in years, and mature in general character and information, shall we say to them, ten years, or you are unfit to preach the Gospel! This class is not small, really nor relatively. Take the Conferences as a whole, and the average age of candidates for admission, we judge, will be found between twenty-five and thirty, while many are received who are more than thirty,—those, who have not been to college and theological seminary. They started late, unfortunately.

The brethren about our great centres of learning, must not forget that this is a class of ministers which we need in our Church, must have; as from the first they have been our chief dependence.

But our late-born zeal for theological education has become so clamorous, flaming in all our appeals for the higher, and the highest, with hardly a word of encouragement, or recognition even, of any other class of ministers, these now begin to hesitate, and refuse to take any steps to enter the work, though evidently called, because they cannot meet this popular standard of attainments.

Shall we cut them off, and thus shut up and starve out half our country churches? Our smaller churches

are now supplied, almost wholly, by such men; and some of our first-class churches, in country and city. No; for of these sensible, pious, hardworking, modest, earnest, and unselfish ministers, we shall always, as now, have too few.

OUR THEORY

On ministerial preparation may be reduced to a few points:—

1. Get all the promising boys, at as early an age as possible, into our Conference seminaries, and there start them on the regular long course of study, work them moderately and cheerfully, but firmly and steadily for the great end, discouraging all half-way or "partial courses."

2. Look after that older, but evidently called class, though of less literary ability and promise, who will need urging forward into culture, by careful reading and academic facilities, as well as the best Bible-class opportunities. There is a work for them. When once roused and started, they often surprise themselves and others by their success. Entering the academy for only a term or two, they often, though late in life, go through college.

3. In our Conference seminaries, there should always be a class, formed and taught of such as have the ministry in view, however remotely, in which the essential doctrines of the Bible should be taught, with copious Scripture proofs, the various current forms of heresy met and disproved, with more or less of exegesis, and occasionally plans of sermons for criticism. Here, too, should be sought the most perfect moral culture, and critical discriminations in Christian morality. All of this will greatly aid the active piety of the student in that class, contribute to the uniform development of the mental and moral character, and add a scriptural element to the future preaching of such pupils. Such members of this class as have maturity of piety and character, should be employed in holding religious meetings, exhorting and preaching, as a means of doing good, promoting their own culture, and also aiding, when in college and theological seminary, to meet their own educational expenses. This class should be a specialty in every Conference seminary, under the care of the Principal, for many and obvious reasons. Here, by careful criticism, habits of correct and graceful extemporaneous speaking will be established, and fatal error avoided.

In college, also, the same sort of class should be kept up. Why not? The most important work of our colleges, is the proper education of the future ministry. More than sixty students at the Wesleyan are said to have the ministry in view. Shall these pass their whole four years there, or those in any other college, without regular and critical study and recitation in the greatest of all studies,—studies to occupy the whole of their life after graduation! Irreparable harm, and great peril come of such college life. Spending four, or seven years of the forming, and most plastic period of life, in training and drilling the intellect, to the almost entire neglect of the soul, is neither religious, useful, nor safe. We are educating intellectual giants, but moral pigmies. Not a very hopeful process for any pupils, especially those whose highest ambition is, or should be, to become able ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ.

We know the popular cry: "Let the students get their academic and collegiate education first, and then the theological." Partially so, we say, but not wholly. What if, before they reach the theological seminary, in their unexamined religious views, they should be overthrown by some adroit assault upon their Church theology? What if, in their hot-house growth of literary ambition, rivalry, and selfishness for seven years, they should destroy in them all love of Christ and perishing souls, and find themselves, at last, in some other than theological seminary? What if they should finally enter the ministry, but for lack of time, health, or means, fail of the theological seminary? Feeble ministers of the New Testament, are such, with no well-defined theological views, and ignorant of the Scriptures, discipline, and usages of their own Church. Many such we have now, while many who started for our ministry, are found in the ministry of other churches, and many are lost to the Church by a heart and life backsliding. Our school-driftings in this particular are fearfully wrong.

The crying want of this hour, in all our denominational schools is, more moral, religious, and theological instruction,—daily, critical instruction.

METHODIST BISHOPS AND THEIR SUPPORT.

BY REV. S. ALLEN, D. D.

No office in our Church is more highly esteemed by our people than that of the Episcopacy. This high esteem has arisen, not from superstitious reverence for exalted official rank, but from the practical usefulness of the office, and from the excellent character of the men who have filled it.

The nature of the Episcopal office in our Church, has from the beginning, been well understood. Methodist Episcopacy is not a Prelacy, — a third order, but an office created by the General Conference, and which may be terminated, in any particular case, by the same authority. The "ordination service" is but a decent and befitting ceremony, conferring no authority, and which might be wholly omitted without affecting the validity of the office. At our late General Conference, a paper was presented bearing the names of a large number of the leading members of that body, two of whom were subsequently made Bishops, relating to our Episcopacy, which probably expresses the prevailing sentiments of our Church upon this subject.

This document declares "that the general superintendency of the Methodist Episcopal Church is not according to the ordinary ecclesiastical use of language, an order of the ministry, separate and distinct from the eldership, but simply an office in our ministry," and "that to relieve the superintendency of all unnecessary pecuniary burdens, and to secure for the Church only really effective men in the superintendency, there should be provided some adequate and easily applied method for retiring superannuated superintendents." The tenure of the office, and all claims to its emoluments should evidently be limited, as in the case of the subordinate pastorate, to the time during which the incumbent is competent for its duties. The Church will not consent that its superannuated Bishops shall be left in penury in their old age and feebleness; but their support should be determined upon the same principle as that of the superannuated traveling preacher; — according to the necessities of the case — it was a wise measure of the late General Conference to devolve the support of our Bishops upon the people, thus relieving the Book Concern of an unreasonable burden. It is surprising that this method of supporting our Episcopacy was not earlier inaugurated. The wisdom of allowing any recourse to the funds of the Book Concern, is questionable. The respect of our people for this office will secure a cheerful response to any reasonable claim for this purpose.

If the number of Bishops is larger than is needed, or if the allowance for salaries be larger than the people shall consider reasonable, they will be slow to respond to the claim. While the support of the Bishops should be generous, it should not be so large that the emoluments of the office should lead men to aspire to it. This would open a wide door for corruption and intrigue, and bring the office into disrepute. Methodism owes its success largely to its rigid system of finance. Her most gifted ministers have submitted to the rigorous rule of the itinerancy, and have seldom allowed themselves to be lured from their work by the tempting office of a higher salary. The rule of the Discipline in this respect knows no difference between the humblest preachers and the highest functionary. While this high office shall be filled as heretofore with truly apostolic and godly men, it will retain its hold upon the esteem of the people, and will lead on the Church to more stupendous achievements.

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET UNDER WATER.

My "itch for writing" is not equal to that of your illustrious editorial predecessor in the gift of continuance. He says he can rest under no tree till it brings pencil and paper together. Mine is equal to his in intensity, or these many waters would quench its fiery unrest. It is hardly worth while to explain to you, holding these crisp sheets, that they are not written where —

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,"

but only record the damp remembrances of the place signified in the title above.

The preparation for this descent consists in doffing your accustomed apparel, and donning what is warranted to wash, and not to run, viz., a flannel shirt, with a hood, drawers, and felt moccasins. Then you wind down narrow stairs, till your ideas, and possibly temper, are inextricably snarled. You walk along a couple of hundred feet under crags that project far over your head, bristling with innumerable loose splinters, and you come to the cave of the winds at Niagara Falls.

This cave of the winds is behind the volume of water that plunges down between Luna and Goat Islands, on the American side. A damp merman emerges from a hut in the mist, to take charge of us. His looks are indicative of his experience, and prophetic of ours. Darwin would find in him a proof of his theory of "natural selection," for he has selected every natural feature that will shed water. The only parting in his hair is a point on the summit. Thence it goes down everywhere. His eyebrows are projecting eaves. His nose almost induces our own to trick'e. His mustache

could not be waxed into an imperial; it thatches his mouth. Shoulders slope at the sides, and bow forward. Elbows never take a right angle, but arms hang straight down, and fingers stand wide apart, every one ever ready to drip, never ready to clutch. A rude wooden staircase goes down beside, I might as well say, in the descending torrent, till the place is reached where the falling water strikes bottom.

We then take to the narrow slippery rocks behind the cataract. Here the thunderings of many waters are indescribable. A man's yell is no more heard than a child's whisper. We think of "God on high, mightier than the noise of many waters." With what terror can his voice confound the guilty! What miserable limits has sense! God can hear all this, to us monstrous diapason, and yet never miss a note of a bird-song on the brink above. And yet we are dinned, dazed, and confounded by the roll of one note of His æon-long anthem, before it is time to change it for another. Ah, well! The chief thing about man is his room to grow.

Beside the noise, the chief thing in the cave is that from which it takes its name, — wind. It blows in your face, till you cannot take breath for very excess of breath. Midas, who wanted gold, Tarpeia, who wanted and got left-handed treasurers from the Sabines, and every other mortal, is ready to die of too-muchness. The mists dash in your face, and you turn a little to feel whole streams polishing off all your corners, and making you as guidelike as possible.

The slippery stone stairs you stand on are not over six inches wide. There is nothing to hold to, and within an arm's reach there is power enough to churn you into elemental atoms in five seconds. Of the few men who have fallen in there, no trace could ever be discovered, though the water falls somewhat calmly over other rocks before reaching the final level. You begin to wonder why you defiantly came into this den of death, when the guide stops where a little less than cold water comes on you, and mutely points upward. Now you see why you came. One would fall on his knees as in God's very presence, and utter deep anthems of praise, too rapt to remember that there is no place to kneel, nor opportunity to open his mouth, if the guide did not hold him. It seems as if God's hollow hand must be pouring that ceaseless flood. Limitless, infinite, He only can supply its exhaustless abundance. It seems light and downy as feathers, whiter than snow. An afternoon sun was above it, we below, the floods between. What an emblem of the soul's whiteness! Every drop transfused and transfigured with excess of light. Measureless waters continued to be illuminated with infinity of light. Earth has few such pictures, time few such experiences, to declare God's abundances of grace.

We pass on, and emerge on the opposite side of the sheet from which we entered. We clamber over and around rocks large as small houses, fallen from above; pass over narrow bridges below the fall, and again look up to its descending vastness. Here the mists whirl, and here God liberally casts, — not rainbows, but rain-circles about our feet, — complete circles, ourselves the centre of each. Science tells us that no two persons see the same gorgeous arch of color in the sky. God is rich enough in such things to give a private special bow to each eye. So these rings of color I saw were all my special property. No one else saw the ones I did. God gave them to me. He made me a little like the Son John saw in Heaven — with a rainbow entirely round about the throne. When the guide, a little out of the noise, said, "there is no other place on earth that shows the entire circle," I thought, well, there is, in heaven.

When we had passed the foot of the fall, and were ready to ascend the path toward the stairs, a little sixteen-year old Esquimaux looking girl, in bedagged hood, frock, and trousers, said, "Let's go back the way we came." Nothing loath, I pointed the guide the return route. Among the rocks, rainbows, and slippery scrambles below and outside the fall, then through the wind, mist, rain, cataracts, and thunder behind the falls and so climbed to our accustomed sphere.

If it takes a surgical operation to get a joke into, or out of the head of a Scotchman, it no doubt takes all Niagara to get some conceptions into the heart of an American. But the grand conception is worth keeping, stupendous Niagara pouring through all the centuries.

H. W. W.

An interesting festival was celebrated on the 17th of June last, at the little town of Herrnhut in Saxony. Herrnhut is the headquarters of the Moravian brotherhood, and delegates from all the colonies belonging to that sect had assembled on the day to keep the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the existence of their community. Whoever knows the harmless and unobtrusive religious family will not deny it the credit which it deserves, not only for spreading christianity in uncivilized countries, but also for the good it otherwise does

by its industry and example of kind feeling and religious life. The sect was founded in 1722, by Count Zinzendorf, who endowed it with his rich and extensive estates, from which it drew the first means of subsistence. It has now grown to embrace, with its system of colonies, almost the whole globe, and is still pushing its successful ramifications further into the heathen world. It possesses in England thirty-six colonies, and in America the same number. Its most considerable province is that designated as the German, but which encompasses also Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Russia. The number of "congregations" in this province is only eighteen, but there is a large continent of "societies" to complement them. The Moravian colonies comprise Sarepta, Lausanne, Montmirail, and Zeist in Holland. They stretch upward to Greenland, where there is New Herrnhut, in sixty-four degrees north latitude, go round by Labrador to the settlements of the Delaware and Cherokee Indians, include the negro colonies at St. Thomas, St. Jan, St. Croix, and Jamaica, and push southward to the Cape, Australia, and Surinam. Since 1853 there is a Moravian settlement also on the Western Himalaya.

MY BROTHER'S FATE.*

'Twas Sabbath eve, — from early dawn
The faithful heart had sought its God,
And near and nearer seemed his home,
The happy courts by angels trod.

The Gospel sound his heart had cheered,
And with a gentle hand he led
The little children, as they learned
Of Him who suffered in our stead.

Again at eve he knelt with those
Who on the Lord their burden cast;
How strong and earnest was his prayer,
As though he knew it was his last!

The morrow dawned; with cheerful heart
He goes unto his daily toil,
Though hotly glares the summer sun
O'er thirsty mead and parching soil.

O, brother, urge along thy steed,
Strength to thy fainting heart be given,
For just before thy weary feet
I hear the gushing rills of heaven.

And now the weary task is o'er,
And homeward bound he speeds along
Through sunny woods, where happy birds
Gladden the heart with merry song.

But, see! Along the iron track
The locomotive wends its way;
With fearful speed it rushes on
Across his path, — stay! brother, stay!

Ah! no — the dreadful work is done,
The shrieking monster now has fled,
All heedless that it left behind
His mangled corse, torn, bleeding, dead.

O, brother! at thy hapless fate
I'd stand and weep my life away;
But, high above the wrecks of time
I see the realms of endless day.

And there, close by my Saviour's side
I see a mighty angel stand,
While with the loved ones gone before
He clasps the glad, the joyful hand.

Farewell, vain world! I quit your paths,
And seek that fadeless realm of bliss;
O let me like the righteous die,
And let my last end be like his!

ADDIE.

* Isaac Lovell. He was run over by a railroad train, as recorded in our paper of August 8.

Life is made up of trifles. As light is composed of small atoms, so is our individual existence of small actions. It is granted to but few of the sons of men to achieve world-renowned greatness, or to have greatness thrust upon them by any fortuitous circumstances. To most of us, the seconds and minutes and hours of the day, and the days and weeks of the year, are but symbolical of the history of our lives. And happy is that one, who, like the bee, can extract some sweet from a common flower, and put it in the store-house for the bitter experiences that may come in the future.

SPEAK FOR JESUS WHILE YOU CAN. — Brother — was considered a consistent and by no means inefficient member of the Church. His seat was seldom vacant during divine service; and his place in the business meeting of the congregation, in the Sabbath-school, and the prayer-meeting, was seldom unoccupied. In short, his duties, public and private, as a member of the Church, were promptly, well, and faithfully performed. Yet on his death-bed he had his regrets. "I have," said he, "been a man of few words and of a still tongue. O, if I had my life to live over again, I would speak for Jesus, as I have never been accustomed to do."

All God's developments have method. No matter how small a thing He sets Himself to do, He does it with a plan. There is not a blade of grass under your feet but He has a perfect method in its development. God would never clothe our fields and woods as He does if He were to work as we work, in hap-bazard dabs and dashes, here and there, persevering nowhere, finishing nothing, fragmentary patchwork.

The Family.

THE GARDEN.

BY ELEANOR S. DEANE.

Let me tell you of a garden
In the East, surpassing fair;—
O, the most delicious fruits
And the loveliest flowers were there.

And all beautiful the grounds
Lay in upland, plain, and dell,
Where adown the rocky slopes
Silver cascades foaming fell.

There, between the flowery banks
Murmuring brooklets softly crept;
And with noble trees o'erhung,
Peaceful lakes in sunshine slept.

Palm-trees with their grateful shade,
Pines and cedar trees were there,
Orange groves and groves of spice
Breathed their fragrance on the air.

Slender, graceful willows dipped
Their long branches in the tide,
And the sycamore and oak
Threw their giant branches wide.

And about the fine old trees,
Vines their folds and tendrils flung,
And the full, ripe clusters there
In their purple splendor hung.

Standing lone in glorious beauty,
Grew the tree of life so fair;
All whose leaves were leaves of healing,
All whose fruits were rich and rare.

Glen and grove, and glade and thicket
Ever echoed with sweet song,
Where the birds in brightest plumage
Sang their anthems all day long.

Fleet gazelles and spotted leopards
Dwelt within those sylvan shades,
Kingly lions tracked the forests,
Cattle feasted in the glades.

Graceful deer came down at noontide,
To the water-brooks to drink,
Fearing not the wolf and tiger,
Feeding on the grassy brink.

To enclose that noble garden
Four majestic rivers rolled,
Flowing down through land of plenty,
Where were gums and gems of gold.

To the hill-tops overlooking
Verdant, varied landscapes wide,
Rose in the light of morning,
Adam led his lovely bride.

And through pleasant paths they wandered
To the bowery vales at noon;
By Euphrates sat at evening,
Watching clouds, and stars, and moon.

Sweet surprises waited for them,
As they wrought in grove and field;
Perfume, music, beauty, grandeur,
Every sense with pleasure thrilled.

And the voice of God the Maker
Taught His pure and perfect law;—
They alone of human kindred
Eden's unknown beauty saw.

And no dream of fairy fancy
Ever pictured home so fair;
Morn and evening shed their glories
On no other sinless pair.

GRACIE; OR, IMMEDIATELY AT LAND.

"Then they willingly received him into the ship; and immediately the ship was at the land whither they went."—JOHN VI. 21.

"I think I'll soon be at land now. It seems to me I hear His step on the water at night. I suppose He comes for other people in the village. But some night soon He'll be coming for me. And I'll receive Him willingly, like the disciples that night; so willingly, and then immediately I will be at land; at land, at last, forever."

Gracie looked far out to sea as she spoke, and the sun shone on her fair hair.

"You might read about that night again. I like to hear it over and over. Read it from my little old Bible, you'll find the mark at the place."

I took the Bible, and it opened at John vi. One verse was underlined, and a date was written against it in a school girl's hand—Gracie's hand.

"Then they willingly received him into the ship, and immediately the ship was at land, whither they went."

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Gracie, her eyes shining, "just the moment they received Jesus on board, they were at land. But do read it all."

I read the account of how Jesus departed to a mountain alone to pray; how the disciples were tossed on the sea with contrary winds, and it was now dark, and Jesus was not come unto them; and then of His coming; and

how, when they willingly received Him, immediately they were at land. And, as I closed the book, I added, "Then are they glad, because they be quiet, so He bringeth them to their desired haven."

"Yes, yes," said Gracie, eagerly, "so He bringeth them. I musn't be afraid; so He will bring me. It doesn't seem dreadful, does it? Just Jesus coming, and our willingly receiving Him, and then, at once,—Land—Heaven. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Then, putting her arm around me, as I knelt beside her sofa, Gracie went on more calmly,—

"That has come true to me once before in another way. Do you remember just after—after mamma died, how unhappy I was? It wasn't only that I was grieving after her. But I felt as if she was quite lost to me, gone to a place where I could never go. And all the light and sweetness she had when she was dying, showed me what I had missed by neglecting Jesus. She will never pray for me again, I thought, and I'm sure I never can come without her; I did feel so lonely, and at sea."

"My poor little Gracie," I said, involuntarily, as her words recalled to me the woeful look her fair, pale face had worn for months, after her mother's death.

She gave a faint smile, and went on; "Then one Sunday at last, when Uncle John was preaching about, 'He came unto His own, and His own received Him not,' such a light broke in on me; and I do believe God helped me that day to receive Christ to be all, and do all for me. At the close of the sermon, Uncle John said, 'There was a wild, stormy night once, on the sea of Galilee. A company of terrified men were tossed up and down there in a small boat. It was dark, and tempestuous. Suddenly, over the sea, one came to them; and it is written that they willingly received Jesus. When poor souls are tossing on the water of God's wrath, and it is now dark, how willingly, when Christ reveals himself, they receive Him.' Then such thoughts of Him came over my heart, and I said to myself, He is come to me in this sermon. I will receive Him. Lord Jesus, I willingly receive Thee. Then, O, what peace and quietness came to me. I seemed to have reached such a sure dwelling place. It was the second half of the verse coming true, immediately I was at land."

"And was that Sabbath-day the date beside that verse?" I asked, after a little pause.

"Yes; and how I've thought and thought of it since. You know I used always to like sea-verses, long ago when we were at school. And then, when I've been away so much with papa in the yacht, I've thought at nights of all the verses that speak of the sea, over and over. I used to have such ideas about them too. They seemed so true at sea, when I could hear the waves. I wonder if that's why my thoughts run so much about the sea now I am ill. I often catch myself praying as if I were at sea; and so I am in one way, but He will bring me to the haven where I would be."

"Gracie, do you remember reading me this chapter one evening? It seems long ago now, and yet it isn't long either. We were sitting in our old seat, on the White Crag, just above the sea."

"I remember," said Gracie, "It was before mamma died, and I wasn't a Christian then; somehow bits of the Bible sounded beautiful to me, in an indefinite way. You remember we said that night that we hoped we should both get to 'land' at last. It seemed a very far off land then; as if we were going forth on a long voyage, and it would be ages before the end would come. It's not so far off from one of us now. It has only been a little bit of a voyage for me after all, and it's nearly over."

And then, dreamily, with her quaint way of mixing things seen and heard with the things which eye cannot see nor ear hear, Gracie sang,—

"Row, brothers, row,
The night falls fast;
The rapids are near,
And the daylight's past."

"The night falls fast," repeated Gracie, softly, "the daylight's nearly gone. Christ will be coming over the water soon."

Two or three weeks passed away, and the last day arrived. It was a quiet Sabbath evening when He came, for whom Gracie had been waiting. She lay propped up with pillows, her thin cheek a little flushed, and her long fair hair pushed back. Her father had been reading to her from her own little well-worn Bible, a few words at a time, as she was able to bear it. Now, however, she seemed to be drifting away from us. When we spoke, the words appeared scarcely to reach her. We felt as if calling to one at an increasing distance from us.

"I can scarcely hear, papa, dear," she said, at last; "but I think I could hear you sing, though you are a good way off now. It's getting so dark too, it must be

time for prayers; you know we always have them early at sea. It's very dark, and the waves make a noise; but do sing, papa. We must have evening prayers."

Her thoughts were wandering now. She fancied herself away at sea again, and the darkness was fancy too. The afternoon was wearing on, but there was still bright sunshine in the room. Her father put aside his own grief, and sang to his dying girl the first verse of the beautiful evening hymn they had so often sung at prayers together. It seemed to bear a deep and touching meaning now:

"Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou art near,
O! let no earthborn cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes."

"Thank you, papa, dear. It's so nice to have prayers again at sea. Don't you hear the waves against the ship? What a deep sound they make. I never heard anything like that sound. It won't be a storm, papa, will it? O, I hope not, I hope not."

And in a weak, trembling voice, Gracie sung,—

"Row, brothers, row,
The night falls fast."

"How fast it falls. How dark it is getting. And Jesus still on the shore. . . . I can't see His face;—my sins, my sins! Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!" said poor little Gracie, suddenly breaking from her dim, wandering words about being far at sea, into the sharp, short cry of a dying sinner for mercy.

I repeated slowly, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

She smiled, as the words reached her; "From all sin, from all sin. And that's how He can bring us to the desired haven. It's a good while now since I had laid my sins on Jesus; but I think some one was tempting me just now. You see with being at sea again, and going to land soon, I get a little confused." She was wandering back to her old idea now.

"You remember about the disciples that night? Jesus Christ is coming for me now, over the water. It doesn't matter being so dark. I'm sure to see Him. It's been only a little bit of a voyage after all, you see. When He comes into the ship, immediately we'll be at land. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

She was speaking now as if we were all nearing the good land together. We heard her speak, and felt, somewhat drearily, that we should still be outside, perhaps long after Gracie was safe in her haven.

A few minutes later, she said, "Please kiss me now; and then each of you take one of my hands, till He comes."

We each took one of the small, cold hands. She lay quite still for a while. Then there was a slight movement, and she murmured faintly,—"Many waters—but Christ is coming—Lord Jesus!"

A bright smile, a little glad, upward movement of the weak hands we held. She was willingly receiving Him;—and immediately Gracie was at land, whither she went.—Selected.

"GATHER THE WHEAT INTO MY GARNER."

Where didst thou reap to-day, my soul?
My soul, where didst thou reap?
The fields are white on either hand;
The needy ones about thee stand;
The Christian may not sleep.

What hast thou reaped to-day, my soul,
Worthy the words, "Well done"?
A burden sweet of garnered sheaves,
Or but a few dry, withered leaves,
Marking thy "Harvest Home"?

How hast thou reaped to-day, my soul;
How hast thou reaped to-day?
The work is great, the field is wide,
The faithful few are by thy side;
Press on, and do not stay.

Wouldst thou not reap, my soul, to-day?
Wouldst thou not bring thy best?
The day is long, the sun is high;
Wouldst thou, then, lay thy burden by
And seek for ease, for rest?

Go, find thy work, my soul, to-day,
And finding, do it well;
Put in thy sickle, sharp and bright;
Work on through all the morning light;
When night comes who can tell?

ENIGMA, NO. 7.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 30, 20, 8, 25, 7, 41, 23, 11, 28, is one of the Western States.
My 33, 42, 9, 44, is a reptile.
My 27, 15, 4, 32, 18, 37, is a girl's name.
My 35, 7, 10, 19, 15, 18, 35, 12, is one of the months.
My 44, 31, 20, 11, 25, is a color.
My 1, 30, 18, 29, is black.
My 2, 14, 39, 28, 18, is a book in the Old Testament.
My 33, 18, 3, 16, 33, 24, 7, 4, 32, is one of the counties of Conn.
My 38, 21, 5, 15, 23, is a river in Asia.
My 6, 18, 29, 17, 37, is a boy's name.
My 40, 22, 18, 4, 13, is a country in Europe.
My 17, 34, 26, 18, 46, 9, 28, is a vegetable.
My 1, 45, 3, 29, 43, is a country of South America.
My whole is found in the New Testament. M. B. P.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA, NO. 6.

"I love them that love me, and those that speak to me early shall love me."—Prov. viii. 17.

MOUNT MANSFIELD.

BY REV. N. W. WILDER.

Every reader of ZION'S HERALD knows that its columns have not recently been overburdened with items from Vermont. For this reason, and for the benefit of those who are interested in the wonderful works of God in nature, we pen the following description:—

Mount Mansfield is the highest point of land in Vermont, serving as a part of the boundary line between Underhill and Stowe, in the northern part of the State, and a part of the Green Mountain Range. Its rocks are mica, schist, with numerous veins of white quartz, and occasional traces of albite and chlorite.

This mountain, as seen in the distance, is in the form of a somewhat elongated human face, turned skyward; the brow, nose, lips and chin being well defined, and prominent elevations. Imagination at once rushes back to primeval times, and pictures the huge Titan reaching the limits of life, laying down to die. He pillows his head upon the highest mountain summits, and thus rears a monument to himself for all generations, with his petrified face turned upward toward the heavens, high above all surrounding objects, forevermore during the scourge of frosts and snows, thunder and hail, and the burning blaze of every summer's sun.

The height of the mountain is 4,279 feet above the level of the sea. We (a party of three) reached the summit from the western, or Underhill side, climbing about half the distance on foot, over a path designed for pedestrians, and riders on horseback. The highest points are not so elevated as to be destitute of vegetable and animal life. A wild species of grass grows in the rocky hollows, and in some places we noticed a foot or more of peat, formed from vegetable remains. Blueberry bushes, low cranberry, bush berry, stunted spruce, and some other plants grow at intervals, in considerable profusion. We noticed flies, gnats, a single humble bee, several butterflies, a few ants, and in a pool at the end of old Titan's nose, a very enterprising brood of tadpoles.

The view in every direction is magnificent; but one must pass over the entire face to see all that may be seen, going from nose to chin, or *vice versa*, a distance of two miles. I may as well add here, that one of our company expressed his sincere thanks that it was not an equal distance between his own nose and chin. Of course we must all agree to his wise philosophy. But to return, — from the nose we look far southward, eastward, and westward, taking in portions of New Hampshire, Southern Vermont, Lake Champlain, and the Adirondacks. We get the same view from the chin, which is the highest point, with the added view of Northern Vermont and Canadian boundaries. Mount Washington with its associate peaks, Camel's Hump, and Mount Marcy, stand like sentinels keeping guard over New Hampshire, Vermont, and New York.

Mount Mansfield affords the most striking marks of the drift agency in geological times, of anything we have yet seen. It is marvelous, and thrillingly sublime! In that distant age, when moving glaciers were crossing all our northern latitudes, tearing away everything movable, grinding rocks to powder, crushing mountain summits, and sweeping the crumbled fragments into the valleys, Mount Mansfield stood a formidable barrier to these gigantic forces, but could not withstand without the loss of its towering crest. The entire summit has been carried away, and swept nearly bare of fragmentary rocks, except in one locality. This is the upper lip, and doubtless a more marvelous example of a geological stiff upper lip cannot be found in all the earth. The narrow mountain crest was shivered into huge fragments by the lateral pressure of the drift driven up against it from the northwest, and almost crowded over the other side. Indeed, the work was partially done. The whole mass of shivered rocks were driven part way over the east side. The appearance is like a stone wall crowded partly from its place, by lateral pressure, except this is upon a scale of marvelous magnitude. Rocks weighing from five tons to fifty, are strewn from the summit down into the frightful chasm beneath; yet the main body of them is so wedged in, and rendered immovable, as apparently to divide the drift stream, and remain a thrilling record of ages long gone by.

We gathered, as mementoes, small bits of albite, chlorite, and translucent quartz, and adding a lump of peat, a few sprigs of bunch berries, and a tuft of wild flowers from the old Titan's nose, descended to the haunts of men, filled with wonder and delight.

Rev. Bishop Vanderhorst, of the "Colored Methodist Episcopal Church in America," died in the city of Charleston, S. C., July 18, aged 64 years. Bishop Miles is now alone in the general superintendency, and it is thought a special session of the General Conference of the Church must be called to strengthen the Episcopacy.

Dr. Lowell Mason died on Sunday, Aug. 11, at his residence in Orange, N. J., in his 81st year. He was born at Medfield, Mass., January 8, 1792. His love of music, afterward the controlling passion of his life, manifested itself in his early childhood. When quite a young man he commenced teaching it, and had classes at various times in Savannah and in Boston. His first compilation of church music was published in 1821; and from that time on he distinguished himself in the peculiar field of church music. His contributions to musical literature have been equally valuable and numerous. An earnest advocate of congregational singing, he imparted to all he met a portion of his own enthusiasm, and to him is largely due the growth of vocal music in Boston and New England, and, indeed, throughout the United States. Many of the lyrics most prized by the Christian Church are of his composition, and will remain in her hymnody as long as any songs are sung. The degree of doctor of music, conferred upon him by the New York University in 1855, was the first degree of the kind ever given by an American college. The Pestalozzian, or Induction method of teaching, early claimed his attention, and received his warm support. His collections and compilations of music were numerous and useful; his lectures on music and the classes he formed have borne abundant fruit; but by single titles, such as "Ariel," "Missionary Hymn," "Hebron," and others, his name will be especially perpetuated. His life was one long labor of love; and the Christian Church will be slow to forget his services. He has for a long time been in feeble health, and his death at the ripe old age of 80 years is not unexpected, although it will be much lamented.

Rev. Dr. George Putnam, Unitarian, is the oldest settled clergyman in Boston now in sole charge of a church. He is in the forty-second year of his ministry.

Our Book Table.

MIDDLEMARCH. A Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot. In two volumes, Harper's Library Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. This is the latest work from the pen of the authoress of *Adam Bede* and a succession of volumes that place her at the head of female writers of the present age. Miss Evans, that was, now Mrs. Lewes, it is said, has been seriously affected with nervous frustration during the preparation of this volume, from an apprehension that she was losing intellectual vigor. Her readers do not perceive this. She blends philosophy, social science, and religion in her romances with most graphic and natural descriptions of daily life. This present work is being published in a serial form, in *Harper's Weekly*. The first volume is completed, and is now published in a uniform edition with the other powerful fictions of this author.

A SMALLER SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. from the discovery of America, to the year 1872. By David B. Scott, author of "A School History of the United States," with Maps and Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. This is a capital compendium of our provincial and national history, by a practical teacher. It is admirably arranged to aid both the scholar and teacher in learning its outlines, and in the necessary examinations by the instructor. History has been too much neglected in our rudimental and higher schools. We are glad to know that more attention is paid to it. Educators should examine this manual.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER. An Autobiographical Story. By George Macdonald. Being a sequel to "Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood," and "The Sea-board Parish." Boston: Roberts Brothers. Those who have read the previous volumes of this writer, no other commendation will be required. The present work is a simple, natural, often very touching story; illustrating ordinary life in connection with the efforts of one earnest, self-sacrificing, Christian young woman, living with the poor, that she might have a stronger influence over them, and seeking ever to elevate their minds, and turn their affections to their Lord and Saviour by the simplest lessons. It indirectly teaches the true idea of city missionary labor among the very lowest classes. The laborer must become incarnated among them, as Christ was in human flesh.

UNAWARES. By the author of "The Rose-Garden." Boston: Roberts Brothers. A French romance. Written by an author who is only known among us by one other volume—the name of which appearing upon the title page of this. The English reviewers speak in unqualified terms of the wholesomeness of the moral, and of the beauty of the style of the tales of this writer.

NOT PRETTY BUT PRECIOUS, and other short Stories. By John Hay, Clara F. Guernsey, Margaret Hosmer, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Lucy Hamilton Hooper, etc. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. These stories, as will be seen, are from the pens of the best story-writers of our magazines. The volume is handsomely but cheaply published, in paper covers. It is probably intended for vacation reading, and is particularly adapted to this end. Its variety and its short articles will make it all the more welcome.

THE DAYS OF JEZEBEL. An Historical Drama. By Peter Bayne, author of "The Christian Life," "Essays in Biography and Criticism," etc. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. The present work, although a venture in a new line of literature, will add to the reputation of its author. Mr. Bayne is one of the best, most vivacious and original writers of religious prose of the present day. His published volumes have been received with great favor in America, as well as Great Britain. He now presents a sacred drama, quite original in its conception, at least of one of its principal characters; and full of passages of fine description, and of high poetic beauty and power. The times of Ahab have been a favorite subject for Christian poets. Our friend, George Lansing Taylor, has an admirable poem on this theme; but in his production, as in all others that we have read, Elijah is the great over-mastering hero of events, and all

the remaining actors are but accessories to his glory. Mr. Bayne makes Jezebel, who only represents to ordinary readers all that is infamous in the most fiendish of women, a heroine of the noblest type, full of the pride of a brave ancestry, highly cultivated, a sincere devotee to the faith of her childhood, and prompted by the strongest religious enthusiasm to the murderous acts which she perpetrated upon the priests of Jehovah. She simply anticipated the mistaken piety of the bold Queen Mother of the weak French King, and the bloody scenes of St. Bartholomew in Paris, in the streets of Jezreel, and throughout the territory of Samaria. It is a daring flight of imagination, curbing itself by the slight intimations of tradition, and the few sentences of inspired Scripture. The verse is smooth and harmonious, and the dramatic power of the narrative is well sustained to the last.

IN CHRIST; or, The Believer's Union with his Lord. By Rev. A. J. Gordon, pastor of the Clarendon Street Church, Boston. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. This delightful little volume has much of the quiet and spiritual sweetness of the old English divines. It presents ten different aspects of the relation which disciples hold to the Lord Jesus Christ, and the blessed affections and divine fruits which spring from this relation. With the exception of the chapter upon "Baptism into Christ," in which the form of immersion is made to give its chiefest significance to the Sacrament, no qualification can be made as to the profitableness of this most precious series of meditations upon the innermost thoughts and emotions of the higher life. It is a volume to be read in hours of religious reflection, and to be made an unwearied companion of seasons of private devotion.

ITINERANT PREACHING in the Early Days of Methodism. By a pioneer preacher's wife. Edited by her son, Thomas W. Tucker. Boston: B. B. Russell. We enjoyed a familiar acquaintance of many years with both the husband and the wife—the venerable, gentle, and beloved Thomas Tucker, and his bright, hopeful, and observing companion. We knew she kept a diary, but had no idea of the ability and dramatic power with which it was written. Only a small portion of it is probably given in this very entertaining little volume, which is particularly well edited by a son. It gives a very vivid idea of itinerant life at the opening of the century, and is full of allusion to events and persons interesting to every Methodist reader. It marks the wonderful progress of the denomination in New England, from the "day of small things," to its present maturity and strength. We heartily commend it to our readers as affording them a very interesting record of personal adventures, and suggesting many grateful lines of reflection.

YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING. By Henry Ward Beecher. Delivered before the Theological Department of Yale College, New Haven, Conn. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. A member of Mr. Beecher's Church in Brooklyn, Mr. Sage, founded a Lectureship on Preaching in Yale College Divinity School, and gave to it the name of Lyman Beecher. The Theological Faculty, very properly, called the eloquent son of the honored father to fill the office thus created. This position he consented to occupy for three consecutive years. He has therefore proposed to present in succession, three phases of the important subject committed into his hands. The present series embraces the "personal elements" of effective preaching. The second will treat of the "auxiliary forces," such as prayer-meetings, singing, church work, etc. The third series will treat of the method of using Christian doctrines effectually. The present handsome volume, which is also the pioneer of a new and complete edition of Mr. Beecher's miscellaneous works, contains his first series of lectures, which were reported with considerable fullness by the public press at the time of their delivery. They are the most characteristic of his later writings, original, full of common sense, adapted to the present hour, admirably illustrated, humorous, striking at the centre of the subject, and causing flashes of light to burst out at every blow. The volume is made up of phonographic reports of the lectures as they fell from the lips of the speaker, untrammelled by a manuscript. They are the freshest and most practical suggestions that have ever been uttered upon this great theme. Every young clergyman or student of theology will read the volume with profit. Mr. Beecher is himself no model for others. He cannot be imitated; he stands alone in his generation; but his words are full of practical wisdom, and cannot be pondered without profit.

The North American Review for July is as solid as usual, and more varied in its contents. Its articles are: "Evolution by Natural Selection," by Chauncey Wright; "The Florentine Satirist, Guisti," by W. D. Howells; "Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe," by Frederick Sheldon; "Buckle's History of Civilization in England, France, Spain, and Scotland," by J. H. Sterling; "Herder," by Karl Hillebrand; "The Shadow of Dante," by the editor. It has its usual full pages of short critical reviews of current literature.

The American Republication of the *British Quarterly Review* for July, by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., contains eight elaborate articles, and nearly forty pages of short reviews. Its leading articles are: "William of Occam," "Wit and Humor," "Report of Commissioners on Coal," "Marco Polo's Travels," "An Ecclesiastical Tournament in Edinburgh," "The Agricultural Laborer's Strike," "Germany," "Prussian Influence upon Literature," "Results of Disestablishment in Ireland."

A. Williams & Co., 135 Washington Street, has received the American re-publication of *The Edinburgh Review* for July. Its contents are: "Complete Works of Bishop Berkeley," "The Stuarts at St. Germain's," "Helps' Thoughts upon Government," "The Popes and the Italian Humanists," "The Southern States since the War," "Memoirs of the Marquis of Pombal," "Researches on Life and Disease," "Reform in Japan," "The Bennett Judgment."

American Homes for August, C. H. Taylor & Co., Boston. This is the tenth number of the second volume of this very popular monthly. Mr. Taylor has proved himself to be a successful caterer to the wants of a large class of readers, and we trust he is now reaping the reward of his enterprise and industry.

There is much outward vigor at the present moment among religious people. Great moral enterprises are undertaken with manifest readiness and confidence. Associations are formed and conventions held to secure valuable benevolent, humane, and religious results. Fine buildings for Christian institutions are reared, and elegant churches are forming the most marked architectural features of our cities and towns. But with all this, there is everywhere apparent a want of personal religious earnestness, and a growing reluctance to enter upon the individual offices of the Christian life. Public and social meetings may not be neglected. There is little difficulty in securing the presence of those who will freely talk and sing and pray at these. But when we seek for those who will carefully prepare themselves to gather and instruct children, to visit the sick and the prisoner, to aid in carrying the Gospel into a new vicinity, and to personally converse with those they meet upon the vital well-being of the soul, how many there are ready to say, "I pray thee have me excused." It too often occurs that those pious members

who mourn over the prevailing worldliness of the times, and the gradual lapsing of the Church to a conformity with the tendency of the hour, draw somewhat apart by themselves to encourage each other in devout services, and to enjoy a state of spiritual elevation in special religious services. The revivals at the present time, as a natural reaction from intense worldliness, take upon themselves somewhat the aspect of asceticism, and their force is expended, in too large a measure, in religious meditations and exalted frames of feeling. This latter condition is infinitely to be preferred to spiritual death, or lukewarmness, or to the extravagant worldliness and vanity too manifest in the Christian life of our times.

But the true need of the hour is consecrated service. There is work to be done that money cannot purchase. A happy fact it is, that it cannot be bought. Our religious development requires this work at our hand. We need the discipline of it, as verily as the world needs redemption by it. There is too much work attempted by substitution. All the out-door services of Christianity cannot be, and ought not to be, done by ministers and missionaries. Consecration is not passive simply; it is active. When Christ says, give me thy heart, He means that our affection shall express itself in corresponding sacrifice. He stands ready in the form of thousands needing our endeavors, to receive our proffered gift. "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me!" When we are called to leave all, to deny ourselves, and to follow Him, He literally means what he says. The old order of life is to be at once inverted; Christ is to become first, and the world second; His business first, and ours next. Illustrious examples in England, even among the nobility, and in the United States, are now showing how much consecrated laymen in the city streets, in places of business, in Church and Sunday-school work, and in personal conversation, may accomplish in the field of human evangelization. There is great need of this service everywhere. Schools of learning cannot provide laborers rapidly enough to meet the calls for this form of Christian work; too rapidly, perhaps, to perform only the agreeable and well-rewarded portions of Church labor. Single-hearted and holy merchants and professional men are needed to carry Christ, as a personal experience and a needed Saviour, into their daily circles, and to preach a beautiful and practical piety wherever they go. Godly women are called for to visit from house to house, to look up the fallen, to gather the neglected children, to preach Christ, as only a woman can, where only a woman's voice can charm to silence and attention the sounds of pleasure and the idle song.

There is so much work to be done in every vicinity! We are apt to shut ourselves up in our pleasant sanctuaries, to enjoy our inspiring services, and to forget that the world lies still in the arms of the wicked!

It would be a sad fact, if it should prove to be one, that all the revival fervor of the many camp-meetings, now or lately in session, should be expended in their own groves, amid the melodious songs of the thousands of worshippers, or even in the livelier social exercises at home, after the return of the happy partakers of the feast of tabernacles. These meetings have awakened many to a new sense of their relations to Christ, and a new apprehension of His power to bless them. He sends them now, as the test of their love and faith, into His vineyard. His cross is to be borne "without the camp." Much depends upon an early and positive effort to commence an active religious life. Plans for doing the Master's work, and for saving souls, should be as deliberately and earnestly laid as men counsel with themselves for the increase of their earthly estate. A great wave of reviving spiritual life ought to be felt rolling back upon the Church, and out upon the world. We hopefully pray that this may prove to be the result of the many extraordinary meetings of the present season.

WESLEYANISM IN THE LAND OF WESLEY.

BIRMINGHAM, July 29, 1872.

The present week is one of much interest to the Wesleyans of England, the Annual Conference commencing its session on Wednesday. For a week or two past the Committees have been in session arranging business, preparing and publishing the first draft of the appointments, and completing their reports. This preliminary business is most important, and is participated in by the representative laymen of the body. After Wednesday the laymen retire, and the ministerial session begins, when Rev. L. H. Wiseman will be elected President for the ensuing year. The Conference is held the present year in City Road Chapel, London, and will consist of about eight hundred ministers. At the district meetings permission is given to a certain number to attend the Conference, only a portion receiving such

permission, and no circuit being left without one or more of the regular preachers to take charge of affairs. Many of the ministers in middle life have never attended, and it is seldom that they are accompanied by their wives, as in America. The Conference will continue in session between two and three weeks, the responsibility belonging to the Legal Hundred to sanction whatever is done; the others only voting as advisory, or to indicate the general sentiment of the denomination. The London Conferences are always held in City Road Chapel, so historic in connection with Methodism. This is the old chapel erected by Mr. Wesley. In the small enclosure at the back are the graves of Wesley, Clark, Watson, Bunting, and a limited number of the valiant men. The chapel stands back about fifty yards from the street, and in front are many monuments erected to commemorate eminent members of the denomination who have passed away. On either side of the entrance, and fronting on the street are the houses for the preachers of the circuit. Enter the one on the right, and you will be shown into the rooms occupied by Mr. Wesley himself; and the chamber where he died. His chair, desk, and other furniture, together with the huge earthen tea-pot from which the preachers of the circuit were supplied on Sunday mornings before starting for their work, are preserved as precious relics of the wonderful founder of Methodism. From the window of this chamber the visitor looks across City Road to Bunhill Fields, where scores of thousands of dissenters have been buried. No burials have been allowed here for many years, but recently the grounds have been thrown open for visitors, and it is one of the most interesting places in which to spend a few leisure hours. Here is the grave, marked by a tall white marble slab, of Mrs. Susannah Wesley. The mother of nineteen children, and the wife of a clergyman of the Established Church, she sleeps alone. One would expect to find her grave surrounded by those of her family; but I suppose she died, with Mr. Wesley, before interments were made at City Road Chapel, and the devoted son deposited her remains in front of his chamber window, where he could look out upon her resting-place. In these grounds are the graves of John Bunyan, Dr. Watts, De Foe, the younger Cromwells and others, marked by appropriate stones.

The progress of Methodism is not as rapid in this country as in the United States, but is regarded as the strongest and most respectable of the nonconformist bodies. With many there is a lingering attachment for the Established Church, which causes it to be less independent than some other of the dissenting churches. Prominent ministers and laymen still adhere to the idea that Methodism is not a church, but merely a society. The old circuit system still prevails, and each circuit has from one to four or five regular ministers, with a corps of local preachers, often numbering twenty or thirty. The regular ministers who alternate regularly, confine themselves mostly to the larger chapels, occasionally visiting the smaller places, while the local preachers keep up the regular supply for the small congregations. There are often from ten to twenty preaching-places where small chapels have been erected, and it is not uncommon for a preacher to walk twelve or fifteen miles in the morning, preach during the day, and return on foot at night. These local preachers are a mighty power in the Church, and Wesleyanism owes much of its success to their labor. There is often complaint that they are not qualified for their position, and do not edify the congregations; but many of them are men of good attainments, and excellent preaching ability. A few of this class rank in talent with the ablest of the regular ministry. The reports of Methodism would appear much more favorable in numbers, were it not that membership is based on attendance at class. Admission to the Sacrament, and other privileges are accorded to others, but those only who attend the class-meeting are reported in the minutes. This attendance, however, is far from regular or constant, and it is becoming quite common to visit the class only often enough to retain standing. There is the same complaint as in the Church at home, that leaders are inefficient, that members tell a stereotyped story, and a large number, especially among the laymen, are advocating the course pursued in America, to make it advisory, but voluntary on the part of the people.

Dissenting chapels are generally built without architectural taste, being plain, square, brick structures, without ornament or spire. Within, a gallery high and broad extends around three sides; a lofty pulpit, just large enough for one person, elevates the preacher above the audience. As Dr. Upham once said of such a pulpit, an appropriate text from which to preach would be, "Unto you is the Gospel of this salvation sent." The pews are most irregular, some being large, square boxes, with seats on all sides, and capable of seating fifteen or twenty persons. Others are mere

slips, and in every house a portion of the space is set apart for the poor, where benches or inferior seats are placed. This diversity gives anything but a pleasing effect, and the grouping of the poor on the benches of their quarter, is most reprehensible. In this, as in the schools and many other positions, there is a perpetual reminder that the poor are not to be allowed to mingle in society of any grade above their own. Sometimes the poor are under the gallery, sometimes in the gallery, and sometimes the body of the house is assigned to them. In some chapels those who are called respectable, and can pay for seats, occupy the galleries, and leave the free sittings below, and sometimes the order is reversed. Favorite spots for the more prominent families are in the four corners of the chapel, where a large square pew is surrounded by curtains, and the inmates are shut in from the view of all but the preacher. Services are much longer than the average in the United States, long prayers, and long, full chapters being a part of the service. This is perhaps an unconscious following of the lengthy services of the Established Church. It is comparatively but recently that the Methodists have ceased to line the hymns in couplets, breaking the tune into two or three parts, and now it is universally the practice for the preacher to read one verse, after the singing of which another is read, and so on to the close. It is very frequently the case that in this way a hymn of six or eight double stanzas is sung, which makes the service tedious, especially if the singing is poor. Differing from our churches in America, there is seldom introduced a new tune, the whole congregation joining for the thousandth time in singing the familiar tune which was sung by their ancestors generations back.

Considering the fact that the Established churches are mostly endowed, and but little money is raised in many of them, it is a marvel that a voluntary system can compete with this endowed establishment, and raise such large amounts as are annually collected in these Wesleyan chapels. Extra services are held in all the churches several times in each year, when attractive preachers are invited, and collections taken for missions, Sunday-schools, education, trust-fund, chapel, anniversary, etc., and the people give as if it were truly a part of their religion. There is, however, but little elasticity to the system, and everything runs in the same groove year after year, a variation being looked upon as an innovation to be repressed. It seems to me that the elasticity of the Church in America, and its readiness to seize upon new phases of society, or customs, has been one of its great secrets of success. Yet a casual observer must be impressed with the fact that what will answer in democratic America will not answer in aristocratic England. With all the influences and historic peculiarities of the country, the marvel is not that Methodism has done so little, but that it has succeeded in doing so much. The large portion of the preachers are formally invited to the circuits, and if satisfied with the call, return a formal acceptance. This is appointed by the Conference, and these appointments, with those made by the Stationing Committee, are printed and freely circulated before the session, thus giving preachers and people the privilege of raising objections. These appointments are all reviewed at Conference, and it sometimes becomes exceedingly difficult to place men who are wanted nowhere. But it is not so bad as springing a trap, and forcing unwelcome men upon an unwilling people.

J. B. G.

At no point is the community more sensitive than in reference to possible abuse in charitable and humane institutions. This is particularly true of hospitals for the blind, deaf, and sick, and especially for the insane. Very severe charges have been made, of late, against the management of the latter in England and America. Charles Reade has given much force to them in one of his late novels. Just now, in New York city, a banker, J. T. Van Vleck, by name, who has just escaped from the restraints of Bloomingdale Insane Asylum, is taking, through his counsel, active measures to disclose, before the community, what he esteems the horrors and abuses of that institution. He proposes to show that several sane persons, such as he esteems himself, have been wickedly restrained there of their liberty; that proper sanitary care is not taken of the inmates; that the food is not wholesome; and, that patients have been cruelly treated. The matter which is now brought before the courts, is singularly complicated by the abrupt removal from the hospital of Miss McCabe, a nun, who was said to have been sent there from a Roman Catholic convent, because she complained of personal abuse at the hands of a priest. To a writ of habeas corpus taken out to bring her before the court, it was answered, that she had been removed from the custody of the hospital. We trust, if anything wrong is covered up within the walls of an institution, that of all others should

be conducted on the kindest, wisest, and purest principles, it will be fully disclosed, and the perpetrators of it properly punished. At the same time, it can be readily seen how possible it is for the charges to be based upon the hallucinations of a disordered mind. One of the sharpest of New York lawyers is now pushing the matter to an open trial.

One of the most interesting experiments in modern surgery, is what is called "skin grafting." Where shocking wounds have disfigured the face, or where burns leave large patches of flesh entirely uncovered by the skin, and occasioning terrible scars, pieces of healthy skin have been applied from living subjects, or from some other portion of the patient's body, and the ungrateful wound has been divested of its deformity. A very remarkable instance of success in this delicate operation is recorded in a late *New York Tribune* as occurring in Bellevue Hospital:—

"Some time ago an Irishwoman of this city was severely injured by the explosion of a kerosene lamp, by which her clothing was set on fire; and her right arm and her right breast down to the stomach were frightfully burned. She was removed to Bellevue Hospital, and placed in Dr. Mott's ward. Her case was under treatment for months, and the patient appeared incurable. At the same time a man named McClenahan was in the Hospital whose leg had been amputated at the thigh. Dr. Mott considered that he might use the healthy skin from the limb in one more effort to cure the disabled woman. He resolved to test the operation of "grafting." Eighty-nine pieces of integument, each about 1-16 of an inch square, were cut from the amputated limb before the natural warmth had passed out of it, and by gentle pressure applied to as many points of the great open sore on the woman's breast and arm. Of these eighty-nine pieces eighty adhered and became a part of her system. The cure is now perfect, and the man who gave of his body to heal the woman is also well.

"The practice of 'grafting' is looked upon with favor by eminent surgeons. Sometimes the skin is obtained for the purpose from the body of a person willing to render so much service to another, but more frequently it is cut away from the healthy parts of the patient's own body. In this case, however, Dr. Mott used skin from an amputated limb, and thus effected a cure. Old and obstinate ulcers and burns will yield to this treatment when they will not to any other. After the 'sloughing' from a surface wound has taken place, nature proceeds in the work of restoration by a granulating process over the whole area of the wound. A thin, delicate pellicle of skin growing around the healthy border of the wound covers the granulations; and, if the process is perfect, the cure is also perfect. But the border of the wound may not have sufficient vitality to form the cicatrix which is necessary to healing, or it may be that the wound is too large to be covered. It is in these cases that 'grafting' is of avail. Every separate fragment of skin grafted into the system is a centre of vitality from which the necessary process of cicatrization begins and spreads until the cicatrix covers the sore."

The pews often preach admirable sermons to the pulpit. It is well for the laymen sometimes to speak out frankly. Their criticisms, if kindly presented, are of the highest service. There is sound wisdom from a genuine Wesleyan, a cultivated man, a member of Parliament, and a most generous steward of his Lord's money:—

"Sir Francis Lycett, who recently gave £50,000 towards the erection of 100 Wesleyan Chapels in London, speaking a short time back of the right sort of men to preach in these chapels, and of some ministers whom he had heard preach, he said:—'They seem to speak as if they had plums in their mouths, or were looking down at their shoes.' The powerful impression made on his mind in former days by the application of the sermon was wanting. Sermons now partook too much of the character of essays. They described on the surface the effect of this, that, and the other; but he left the chapel, as he believed did hundreds of others, without feeling that the sermon was applied to him. If the young men were to be effective preachers, winning souls to Christ, every man, woman, and child in the chapel should feel that the sermon was preached to me. He wanted applications such as he used to hear five-and-twenty years ago from Dr. Johnson, when he never left the chapel without feeling convinced and convicted. He was glad to hear that the young men who were coming out this year manifested holiness of heart and life; because, if that were so, they would not have long to deplore a decrease in their society. During the last ten years the increase in London had been four hundred thousand, and yet Methodism had only got fifteen hundred in the Church. He prayed God that this might be altered; and his great hope was in the improvement in the character of the young men."

An American correspondent of *The Congregationalist* in London gives the following account of a Sabbath evening's discourse of Rev. Stopford A. Brooke:—

This clergyman is known to the religious public of America by his two volumes of printed sermons, and by his memoir of Robertson. We made our way to his church with great difficulty, and found ourselves at last in a small and very plain chapel, in an obscure portion of the city. The audience was very meagre. We had seen it advertised that Rev. Mr. Brooke would preach

upon the "Theology of English Poetry," and we waited with great interest for the service to begin. Presently a strong, burly Englishman, with a round head and muscular figure, attired in band and surplice, passes up the aisle with a few choir boys behind him, and takes his seat at the desk. He reads a small portion of the afternoon service, mumbling it in the most perfunctory and careless manner. Evidently the ritual does not interest him, he is in haste to finish it, and begin his discourse. To interest the audience he depends upon that which he has to say. At length he ascends his pulpit, a small box perched almost to the ceiling, and announces for his subject "The Genius and Poetry of Wordsworth." We were astonished, for we had expected a sermon, but we learned afterwards that this was one of a series of afternoon lectures upon the English poets. Without taking any text whatever, the preacher proceeds to read an essay upon Wordsworth. He analyzes with great acumen and ability the genius of the poet, showing how Wordsworth fell into morbid states of mind, and the means by which he finally overcame them. But it was the Sabbath day, and we longed to hear some religious application of his theme. But not a moral lesson, which we could discover, was given to us. The discourse was a profound, learned, unimpassioned essay, aimed apparently to impart information rather than to do good to the hearers. We did not wonder at the smallness of the audience. The few who were present did not attend to the discourse, for it was in the main entirely beyond their comprehension. We left the chapel feeling that we had indeed listened to a most singular religious service. We acknowledge the ability and great intellectual force of Mr. Brooke, but in our view he seemed to mistake or ignore his office as a preacher, and to become a mere essayist in the pulpit. He seemed to please himself at the expense of the people. He evidently had an intense interest in his subject, but very little in his audience. There was on his part an entire lack of sympathy with, or feeling for, them. To us the discourse seemed to be the effort of a very powerful, but an unpractical and rather eccentric mind. The printed sermons of Mr. Brooke are quite spiritual in their character, and we must suggest to him that the life of Christ and not the life of Wordsworth, is the proper theme for the pulpit.

NEW HAMPSHIRE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION. — Rev. G. W. Norris makes the following corrections of the statements of our regular correspondent in reference to this Convention. Both brethren, over their own signatures, in good temper, have thus given their individual interpretation of the facts, and here the discussion of the subject ends:—

"Respecting the Convention referred to by your correspondent, I wish space to say the following things: 1. It was called, organized, and officered by men not connected with either *The Prohibition Herald* or the Prohibition party. 2. Though its Secretary declared there were a dozen other equally as good temperance papers in the State as *The Prohibition Herald*, yet the Committee issuing the call, of which I believe he was a member, published it in *The Prohibition Herald*, and for anything appearing to the contrary, not one of the dozen responded to the request that all papers friendly to the temperance cause in New Hampshire would publish it. 3. No editor, publisher, or owner of said *Herald*, nor anybody else, asked that Convention to endorse 'Black and Russell.' 4. The writer hereof being neither owner, editor, nor publisher of said paper, did, without the knowledge of the editor, and having consulted with nobody save a member of the Committee on resolutions, prepare and present a resolution affirming confidence in the temperance character of the paper, and commending it to the patronage of Temperance men as such.

"Finally, if an endorsement of the temperance character of the *Herald* was a violation of 'the letter and spirit of the call,' what was the Secretary's declaration of unwillingness to have it circulated or read in Seabrook, as it did not teach his party politics?"

We trust that our friends in sending reports of the camp-meetings will confine themselves to the more important and peculiar features of the occasion, special works of grace, and remarkable experiences. The general features of camp-meetings are so much alike, that we have not the space for, nor has the public the patience to read mere dry details.

The Northern says that Bishop Peck has really subscribed fifty thousand dollars to the funds of Syracuse University, to be paid at the death of both himself and wife, without interest.

The newspaper man is everywhere. We announce a new aspirant to public favor. Its race probably will be short, and doubtless swift. It is the "*Camp-meeting Daily and Framingham Gazette*." It is a fine looking little sheet, devoted chiefly to the interests of the meeting. It is full of local and religious items. The grounds and appliances of the new forest sanctuary, are fully described. The paper will have done its work, and only be remembered for its pleasant details when our readers are perusing this notice.

Dr. DePuy, assistant editor of the *New York Advocate*, requests all the officers of our colleges and seminaries to send to him immediately, at 805 Broadway, revised statistics of their institutions, for insertion in the forthcoming Almanac.

The Urbana Camp-meeting, in Ohio, proves to be the counterpart of the great meeting at Richmond, Me., for spiritual power and benign results; Messrs. Inskip, Coleman, McDonald, Hughes, and Osborn, of the National Committee, were present. There were 300 common tents upon the ground, and 60 cottages. The preaching seems to have been intelligent, discriminating, and attended with manifest divine influence. If the earnest persons who throng these lively gatherings will enter upon the Master's work at home in an equally devout spirit, and bear the unction from above upon their souls before their families, and in their business relations, during the year, what a gracious work might reasonably be expected throughout all the Churches and vicinities represented at these meetings!

PERSONAL.

Dr. Cummings and family sailed from New York on Saturday, in a steamer for Europe. A number of the Alumni, with their wives, and other friends of the University and her laborious and honored President, paid their personal respects to him on the eve of his sailing. He remains abroad during the remainder of the college year, but expects to be home in time to be present at the next Commencement. Prof. Van Vleck will discharge the duties of President during his absence. We wish the Doctor and his family a prosperous journey and a safe return.

F. A. Bragdon, the newly-appointed pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Penobscot, was agreeably surprised last week by the members of his Church. After spending a most agreeable evening, they left behind them a generous roll of bank-bills, and various bundles containing the necessities of life, besides numerous protestations of friendship, and words of cheer, which were not less valuable. The people of Penobscot and Brooksville have received their pastor cordially, and seem desirous of making his labors among them as pleasant and agreeable as possible.

A letter from one of the stewards of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Pocasset, Mass., contains the intelligence that the pastor of the Church, Rev. Franklin Sears, has experienced a severe attack of paralysis. He is obliged to give up his work, and has removed to his home in Harwich Port. Mr. Nye, the writer, says of him: "He is a beloved pastor, and a faithful servant of Christ. His pulpit was filled yesterday by a nephew, J. E. Sears, jr., a member of East Greenwich Seminary." We trust that the attack under which this devoted minister is suffering will prove less grave than now feared, and that he may have the strong consolations of the Gospel which he has preached for years.

Rev. N. B. Randall, of Granger, Minn., visited our office last week. He was sent out from Genesee Conference about two years since, to take charge of a small, struggling Church in Minnesota. The town is in the southeastern part of the State. It is young, but rapidly growing. The people are just starting with their farms, and for the present can do but little more than pay the interest on their land obligations, and earn their daily bread. The Church, when Mr. Randall entered upon his work, numbered only fifteen members, and was embarrassed with a debt of \$2,000. Brother Randall's labors have been already blessed to the increase of the Church threefold, and to the gathering of a good congregation. The debt has been reduced to \$1,300. A thousand dollars of this amount must be immediately met, or their property will be sacrificed;—\$700 have been obtained in the vicinity of New York; the balance Brother Randall is hoping to raise among his Eastern brethren. The case seems to be a pressing one, and is worthy the sympathies and aid of any to whom the earnest pastor may apply.

Dr. Curry, we learn from the *Advocate*, met with a narrow escape from a serious, if not fatal, casualty last week. The car in which he was riding, on the Harlem road, just after leaving the city, was thrown from the track. The passengers were suddenly hurled promiscuously together, and severely bruised, but no lives were lost. A flagman near the track outside was killed. It becomes us always to remember that there is but a step between us and death.

We had just closed the writing of this item, when we learned that the Assistant Editor of the *Advocate*, Dr. DePuy, with Bishop Harris, a number of ministers coming up to the city from Sea Cliff Grove, and many passengers, were placed in imminent peril of life by an injury to the Steamer *Sewanaka*, near Whitestone, L. I. The piston was broken, and the cylinder crushed from top to bottom. The steam escaped with terrible force. Another steamer was providentially near, and the passengers were rescued without injury, save a few severe bruises.

The Methodist Church.

MASSACHUSETTS.

SOUTH FRAMINGHAM CAMP-MEETING.—There is no more desirable point for a camp-meeting in New England than this, at Framingham, twenty miles out of Boston, and about the same distance from Worcester, with Lowell on the north, and Providence and other large places on the immediate south: and at so important a railroad centre as South Framingham is fast becoming, this will prove to be one of the most popular camp-meeting resorts in New England. The grounds are beautiful, ample, accessible. The first meeting held here began on Monday, August 12, and closed on Saturday the 17th.

Before the evening of the first day, more than twenty Society tents of the very best class were completed and occupied. Everything about the ground is begun upon a scale of liberality and real magnificence, which foretells the character of the enterprise. The first exercise on Monday evening, was of an introductory character, consisting mainly of an earnest and thoroughly common-sense speech by Rev. Dr. Clark, Presiding Elder of Boston District, which was followed by several other shorter ones, by different clergymen and laymen. The dedicatory services were on Tuesday morning. An original hymn, which was terse, high-toned, and appropriate, written by Ellen Urania Clark, sung at the opening, and followed by about the usual reading of Scriptures, prayers, singing, etc., brought us to the sermon, by Rev. Dr. Daniel Steele, of Boston. The text was from the 3d chapter of Ephesians, 8th verse, and the theme, The Unsearchable Riches of Christ. It is doubtful whether the Dr. ever preached better. The sermon was full of practical, earnest thought, simple, direct, and full of unction, which made it very effectual.

In the afternoon, the Rev. Mr. Lansing preached from Romans 12th chap. 1st verse, a sermon upon Personal Dedication.

The Troy Praying Band, under the direction of Joseph Hillman, esq., conducted the services in the evening.

On Wednesday morning, the Rev. Mr. Lewis, of Cohituate, preached from John iv. 35.

The Troy Praying Band took the service again in the afternoon. The exercises were both interesting and profitable.

Before evening, and during the exercises of the evening, the rain fell in torrents, so that there was no service held at the stand. There was good and earnest preaching, however, at several of the tents, and good progress was made in the work of the meeting. Thursday morning opened clear and hot, but the congregation increased so, that a much larger number was present than on any previous day.

The morning service was again conducted by the Troy Praying Band, and the meeting was very solemn and impressive. Quite a large number were at the altar for prayers, and a deep impression was made upon the outside congregation by Brother McPherson's relation of his experience. The sermon in the afternoon was by Rev. Frederick Woods, of Newtonville. The text was from Rev. iii. 20, and the sermon was graphic, searching, powerful.

The subsequent meetings of the week, though somewhat interrupted by the piteous showers, were delightful and profitable seasons. Under the circumstances, for the opening season, the South Framingham Camp-meeting is considered a great success, and a glorious inauguration of a "good time coming."

EAST MAINE.

In 1871, at the union of our conference, there was an effort made to induce each friend of our seminary at Bucksport to send one good live book to its library, with the donor's name on a fly leaf. Several books had been received, and many more might be forthcoming. Will the friends still keep in this good work? You can spare a book, or the price of one, and we can add a thousand volumes to the library.

Also it was proposed to raise funds in each charge for grading the grounds. The conference last June took earnest action in this very important matter. The ladies of East Maine might do this if they would organize in every place, and go about it in earnest. Something like the Wesleyan tea-meetings in England and in the Provinces, or a Christian levee would secure the amount in every locality. Will the ladies at once help to beautify the grounds?

At a meeting of the trustees, it was voted that the presiding elders be a committee to bring the seminary before our members for their special and earnest prayers. May heaven see, and the people understand that we are exceedingly in earnest in the cause of Christian education. We ought to arouse ourselves from the Kennebec to the St. Croix; and from the Atlantic to the forests that shade the Aroostook. Our over eleven thousand communicants might accomplish wonders if they are thoroughly in earnest. So many things to do, say some. That's what we are here for—and there will be more to do in heaven. It is a state of intense activity. Better practice a little now, so as to feel at home there in the great hereafter. What's your decision reader?

The new Church at East Vassalboro' will be dedicated in September, there is some delay because they are doing more and better than they first contemplated. The friends beyond the Church will furnish chairs, table, chandelier, bell, Bible, etc. Rev. C. E. Springer's health is poor. He is now at Moosehead Lake. He thinks soon of spending the winter in California, if health does not improve in chasing and eating moose. That region is the great sanitarium in Maine.

East Pittston last year with no minister, thoroughly improved our Church there; a lady was principal of the academy. And this year they have done another sensible thing by putting Sister Brown, a competent and enterprising lady, at the head of their Sunday School. Take the best person for any place wherever you find him or her.

"Seizes truth where'er its found,
On Christian or on heathen ground."

A mother, who had attended religious meetings, killed her child; a very clear case of hereditary insanity. A very small affair of a paper tried hard to excite prejudice against ministers and Churches through this unfortunate occurrence. Some

persons are very slow to learn that it is no reason because Balaam's little horse was graciously permitted to speak once, that all animals of that class should be allowed to do so continually.

MAINE ITEMS.

The people of Maine during the past week have experienced a pretty thorough surfeit. The intense heat has produced general prostration upon all classes of society. In our cities and large villages, sickness prevails to an alarming extent.

The Methodist Church in Boring have purchased a new organ for their church. The society is prospering.

The Congregational Society in Kennebunk are having a course of lectures in aid of the parish. Rev. E. L. Clark, pastor elect of one of the New York churches, and other distinguished preachers of that order, are engaged for the course. We wish them success in their new enterprise.

The Androscoggin Baptist Quarterly Meeting will hold its next session with the Baptist Church in Leeds, on Tuesday, August 20. Rev. R. B. Andrews will deliver the occasional sermon. A good meeting is anticipated. A revival of religion it is hoped will be the result.

The Free Baptist Society of Pittsfield village are finishing the large chapel in the Maine Central Institute building. We learn that the citizens of the village are interested in the movement, and that they are rendering substantial aid. The fall term of the Institute is to commence August 22, and is expected to be a very large one in respect of numbers. Pittsfield is a very beautiful and flourishing village.

Religious services were held on Sunday on board the United States steamer Powhattan, in Portland harbor, conducted by Rev. Mr. Root, of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal Church. Music for the occasion was furnished by the choir of the same church. The attention of both officers and crew was most respectful, and the whole service was deeply interesting and impressive.

The last and funniest new ism which has turned up in Maine, is Greeley-ism. This ism, it is thought by many, resembles strikingly, rebel-ism. It is at present making some noise and stir throughout the State, but will in all probability disappear entirely in November. C.

NEW HAMPSHIRE GLEANINGS.

The many friends of the Rev. H. B. Copp, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Amesbury, Mass., will be sorry to learn that he met with a sad accident last Saturday, at his wife's father's in Londonderry, N. H. When riding in his carriage, a bolt in the front axle came out, the horse was frightened, and Brother Copp jumped out and broke his leg at the ankle joint. When we heard from him last, he was as comfortable as could be expected.

St. Paul's Church, Manchester, under the pastorate of Rev. E. A. Smith, have adopted the plan of one sermon on the Sabbath. This is preached in the morning, and the Sabbath-school meets immediately after the service. The Church is organized into a home missionary society. They have divided the city into sixteen districts, and appointed one director and a Committee of three in each district.

Under this arrangement six prayer-meetings are held in different parts of the city every Sabbath afternoon at three o'clock, and a Sabbath-school of some forty members has been gathered in connection with one of these prayer-meetings.

A meeting of the whole society is held in the Church at six o'clock for religious song, and a prayer-meeting at which the whole work force of the Church convenes, is held as the closing service of the day, and on last Sabbath evening there were seven penitents at the altar for prayer.

The Society has bought a parsonage. It is roomy, convenient, and handsomely furnished, and cost \$5,000.

VERMONT.

LYNDONVILLE.—The universal spirit of enterprise which marks the efforts of all who have the charge of our camp meetings, is manifest in this outpost of our Methodist Zion. We have here one of the most delightful groves that ever cast a shadow on the green earth. These tall maples and birches, the growth of three quarters of a century, stretch up heavenward for well nigh a hundred feet, leaving ample space for the cool breezes to circulate beneath their spreading branches. Among other improvements, we notice that the auditorium has been newly graded and seated, and the grounds are enclosed with a high board fence. This year the meeting begins Wednesday, Aug. 21, and holds over the Sabbath. We fear the brethren will find it an unsatisfactory experiment unless the gates are closed Saturday night, not to be opened until Monday morning. The sanctity of the Sabbath is of more importance than a crowded gathering at the camp-meeting. *M.*

OAK BLUFFS AND NANTUCKET.

Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, has of late acquired such a celebrity for its natural and acquired attractions, that it has become a favorite resort for secular as well as religious parties, and the tide of pleasure-travel sets so strong in that direction, that it is an important question with families and others contemplating a visit to the famous camp-ground during the season, how they can determine which is the shortest, cheapest, and most comfortable route. Permit your correspondent, who has just tried that of the Old Colony Railroad and steamer *via* Woods' Hole, to commend it in unqualified terms. One feature makes it peculiarly desirable to a large class of people, namely: its short water communication; many persons of delicate and sensitive organizations are positively deterred from making a journey which involves a few hours sea travel, but are willing to risk a half-hour's experience on the troubled domains of old Neptune.

This new and excellent route fully meets the demands of such persons—and there are hosts of them. A comfortable ride of three hours in the luxurious cars of the O. C. road,

under the careful and skillful conductorship of conductor Osborne, and the passenger is landed directly on board the staunch and elegant steamer *Island Home*, which, before he is hardly aware of a "sea change," lands him upon the pier at Oak Bluffs. The distance by water being but seven miles, there is no time to "prepare to pucker" for a sea-sick visage, but the brief voyager lands upon *terra firma* not only "this side up with great care," but in a perfectly normal condition.

A trip to Martha's Vineyard is hardly complete without a little extension of the luxury of pure sea air. The *Island Home* leave the Bluffs every P. M. for that venerable but delightful old town, Nantucket. It is a primitive-looking place, but full of comfort to the enervated landsman, who will find in its delicious breezes health and vigor. Nantucket only needs two or three first-class hotels, kept up in good shape by first-class landlords, to take a position second to none on the Atlantic coast as a fashionable watering-place.

Every person visiting Oak Bluffs should visit the grand old place. The ocean sail on the *Island Home* is one to be remembered. The staunch boat, under the skillful pilotage of Capt. Manter, and the general management of Mr. C. C. Crosby, its efficient clerk, aided by officers and crew—composed of genuine sailors—inspires confidence in the breasts of the most timid travelers. Capt. J. S. Barney, one of the most capable and experienced steamboat men in the country, is the agent of this popular steamer.

Your correspondent can only add, in conclusion, his wish that others may be induced by his words of commendation, to make the same trip and return as well satisfied. T. W. T.

EDUCATIONAL.

Mr. F. Sturtevant, of Jamaica Plains, Mass., has given \$12,000 to erect a building for the especial accommodation of married students who may wish to attend Newton Theological Seminary.

The Regents of the University of New York have just conferred upon Dr. F. A. P. Barnard, President of Columbia College, formerly prominently connected with the University of Alabama, subsequently with the University of Mississippi, of which he was five years Chancellor, the degree of Doctor of Literature. Two years ago the same body, which is very sparing in its distribution of such degrees, conferred the same upon Mr. Motley, and last year upon Prof. Taylor Lewis.

THE PRESIDENCY OF SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.—The question of the selection of a President for Syracuse University was settled on the 9th, by the election of Rev. Alexander Winchell, LL. D., now the popular Professor of Geology, Zoology, and Botany in the University of Michigan. This choice of the Trustees was by a unanimous vote. It is expected that Dr. Winchell will accept, and that he will enter upon the duties of the new post at an early date.

The prospects for the complete success of the University were never more encouraging than now. The various classes will be considerably larger than was expected, the Freshman class numbering at least fifty. The election of Dr. Winchell to the presidency of the institution will be very gratifying to its many friends.

CENTRAL TENNESSEE COLLEGE.—Rev. J. Braden writes: "On the second of September next, this institution, located in Nashville, Tenn., will begin its seventh school year. Its work in the past has been mainly to educate teachers for the colored people of the South, who have been for a long time in the past—and most of them still remain—in the grossest ignorance. Over one hundred students who have been educated at this school, have engaged successfully in the work of teaching the primary English branches. A number of young men have been prepared for working more intelligently in the ministry, where they are now doing a good work. The prospects for the school are that the number of students will be largely increased in the future. The demand for teachers among the colored people is increasing. The present school-law of the State, although defective, has been adopted in a few counties; and as it makes provision for free schools for the colored people, it is difficult to supply teachers that are at all competent. One of these colored teachers wrote to a friend a few days since, as follows: 'I Have Ben Examoun And Got a Cifficet to Tech Scull.' Yet from sheer necessity, such teachers have to be employed. They can read and write, and teach all they know. To remedy this state of things is the object of this and the other schools of the South, that are supported by that grand institution of our Church, the Freedman's Aid Society. We now ask attention to

OUR WANTS.

We need furniture for some of the dormitories, specially bedding. Our students generally are not able to furnish any bed clothes at all—we must supply them. We have been greatly aided by the ladies of Wellington, Bellefontain, and Highland circuit, Ohio; but we are still needy in this respect. Who will send us a box of bed-clothes—sheets, quilts, etc., for these destitute ones?

"We have the nucleus of a library. Dr. Rust has, during the past year, made some valuable additions of good books. Are there not many friends of the freedmen, whose libraries contain excellent books on science, history, biography, theology, and general literature, which have been read, and will perhaps never be referred to again, who could send them here, where they would furnish most excellent nourishment for hungry minds? This lack of books is specially felt by our theological students, who are not able to purchase the books of reference which are so necessary to the thorough understanding of the more simple parts of the Bible. Will the friends of the education of the freedmen make a note of this, and look through their libraries for books they can spare?

"We are without apparatus. Our students are beginning the study of natural sciences. The text-books can be studied and taught without apparatus; but to do so, is hardly justice either to teacher or scholar. Can any of our friends relieve us in part or wholly in this matter? Any donations or communications may be sent to J. Braden, at Nashville, Tenn."

The Christian World.

MISSION FIELD.

"All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord."—NUM. xiv. 21.

EARTHQUAKE IN SYRIA.—Some account of the terrible earthquake in Syria has been given in the papers, but the best we have seen is from the pen of Rev. Mr. Reid, the missionary in charge of the schools and station at Suediah (the ancient Celucia). He says:—

"The information I have been able to obtain as to the results of the earthquake in different places is as yet necessarily meagre; but I send you all I have ascertained from my own observation and current report. In Antioch fifteen hundred houses have been entirely destroyed, and 125 people killed, whilst the numbers wounded are not known. In Suediah, comprising all the district between the river Karachy and the sea, 1,726 houses were destroyed, but by God's mercy and a more favorable situation, only 258 persons were killed. I may particularly mention that the villages of Ugano-olooch and Ubabelee, are entirely destroyed, not one house left standing.

"On Monday, the 8th inst., I rode to Antioch, starting before sunrise, that I might return before dark. Evidences of the strength of the shocks were everywhere visible on the road. During my journey to the city there occurred a very heavy shock, which caused me great fear on my family's account. This fear was increased on my return by a passenger from Suediah, informing me that another portion of my house had fallen in during my absence, and I feared that some of our people had been engaged in trying to get something out of the ruins. Through mercy I found these accounts exaggerated, as though some of the cracks were enlarged, and a few more tiles had fallen, no serious damage had been done, and no one had been hurt. The city of Antioch exceeded in ruins all that I had feared. To my inexpressible relief, however, I found the family of our brother, Rev. P. O. Powers, all in good health, and preparing to leave for the city of Marash. Their house, though shaken, had stood well.

"We bless God that this sad affair did not occur in the night, for otherwise the falling in of the ceiling would have killed myself, Mrs. Reid and the children. In dependence upon God we will not quit our posts if we can possibly secure shelter from the wind and rain."

BOMBAY.—Rev. Wm. Taylor, writing from Bombay, to the *Central Christian Advocate*, says:—

"We have now eleven classes, one hundred and fifty live members, and the work is steadily advancing. Our Persian Mohammedan, who was secured a few weeks ago, is doing finely. He is a teacher of the Persian language in a Bombay school. We have a splendid hall for our Sabbath service; it costs, including gas, \$17.50 per Sabbath. Our contribution box, at the door, meantime receives from \$15 to \$30 per Sabbath; so we float without touching the ground. Our 'circuit' is seven miles long, but I have a good horse and 'hand-some,' and the driving is good for my health."

BULGARIA.—Dr. Long, writing to the *Mission Rooms*, at New York, gives the following cheering information respecting the mission cause in Bulgaria: "I have recently returned from my tour in Bulgaria, where I endeavored to make a thorough inspection of our work there. Passing first to Tulcha, I visited our Russian brethren, who, though few in number, I found making a good witness for Christ under the leadership of Brother Dimoty Petroff, whom Brother Flocken placed in charge, upon his removal from Tulcha to Rulshuck. I baptized five children, visited the houses of all the members, administered the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and gave what advice I could under the circumstances. The brethren at Sistof have done and are doing well, considering their position. There is only one other place in Bulgaria where the truth has gained so much of a position as in Sistof, and that is in a mountain station in the field of the American Board."

MISSIONARY MESSENGER.—We hail with pleasure this new missionary paper, published and edited by Rev. L. S. Jacoby, D. D., of St. Louis, Mo. It is published monthly, at the low price of twenty-five cents per year, and it has already gained a circulation of 1,500 copies. It is spirited, earnest, filled with the latest missionary intelligence. Success to the enterprise.

CHINA.—Rev. N. Sites writes from Foochow, giving an account of a "twenty-four days' trip," in which he saw much of what the Lord is doing in China. At all the places visited, the work was prospering. Respecting Taik-hwa City, he says, "Here we were detained by rain for a day and a half longer than we had intended, but such detentions we glory in. Prayer, instruction, counsel, and encouragement for, and to the brethren. How precious the time passed in this manner! Just before leaving we authorized Brother Song Sa Chwang to rent in Ing Chung City, only about fifteen miles south from Taik-hwa, and it has been done, the building occupied, and Bibles and tracts are now offered to the people there, with living witnesses to testify of the saving power of the Gospel of Christ."

LUCKNOW, INDIA.—The monthly meetings of the "Official Board" of the Lucknow Methodist Church,

must be exceedingly interesting. From the reports presented at the June meeting, we learn that there have been enrolled in the day-schools of the mission during the month, 489 boys, with an average attendance of 330. Twelve Sunday-schools are conducted by the mission in Lucknow, with 900 boys and girls enrolled, and an average attendance of 670.

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

CONGREGATIONALIST.

The *Congregationalist* speaks thus hopefully of the new buildings of the society on the corner of Beacon and Somerset Streets: The two buildings which are to be joined together in this holy wedlock are now substantially aligned, and the series of mighty screws arranged beneath the provisional sills of the lower of the two are, turn by turn, lifting it to its proper level. By the time these words reach our readers both front and floor are likely to be adjusted. Further, the projected fair, which, as well as screws, is to have a part in the building of this house promises the best results, and many busy fingers are getting ready.

REFORMED.

The prospect of union between the (Dutch) Reformed Church and the Western Synod of the (German) Reformed Church, which represents the evangelical tendencies of the latter denomination, is growing brighter. The *Mercersburg Review* and the *Reformed Church Messenger*, which represent the Ritualistic Germans of the Eastern Synod, oppose the movement; but the *Christian World* of Cincinnati strongly favors it, and the project is steadily gaining headway.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

Professor Zillgenz is the only Roman priest in the German empire who has been converted to the evangelical faith. He has recently published an account of his conversion. In it he tries to show his former teachers and friends that he has not lost his Christian faith, but that he has found it in a Church "where faith and conviction, conscience and Christian freedom may at the same time find room." He also says: "The evils of the Roman Church are so many and great that to contend against them successfully, a firmer foundation must be sought for, than the basis of the Old Catholics affords."

BAPTIST.

The Baptists are making progress in Sweden. They report 10 associations, 220 churches, 129 pastors, 40 chapels, 8,887 members, and 5,920 Sunday-school members.

PRESBYTERIAN.

The Presbytery of Elizabeth has resolved that no pastor within its bounds ought to receive less than \$1,000 a year, and house-rent.

BEECHER.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the commencement of Mr. Beecher's pastorate will be celebrated in a four days' festival, beginning Tuesday, October 10. The first day will be devoted to a Sunday-school celebration, in which the children of the Plymouth Sunday-school and the mission schools of the church, numbering nearly 3,000, will participate. In the evening of that day there will be a meeting of past and present teachers of the Sunday-school. On the second day it is proposed to have a reunion, as far as possible, of all the present and past members of the Church then living. They number 3,310. The remaining days will be devoted to appropriate exercises, in which the pastor, Dr. Storrs, who assisted in his installation, in 1847, and others, will participate. Each day will begin with a prayer-meeting of an hour in the morning, and the exercises will be opened on Friday evening with a prayer-meeting and the Lord's Supper.

JEWISH.

THE JEWS GIVING UP PALESTINE.—In the *Jewish Times*, of a late date, we find mention of the return of Prof. Gratz, and Messrs. Levy, Potzin, and Gottschalk from Palestine. Their report is set down by the *Jewish Times* as "an additional argument against the folly of encouraging the emigration of the Jews to a country which has no other claim than that of a venerable monument of the past." There are now, it appears, about 16,000 Jews living in Palestine, and "their average state of culture is much below that of their fellow-religionists in Europe. They have no visible means of support, spend their time in idleness, praying, and Talmud-reading, and foolish pining and sighing on the ruins of the temple, eking out a miserable existence by the charity of the Jews of Europe, America, and Australia." Curiously enough, the memorial of their visit by Prof. Gratz and his companions also suggests "the general elimination from all Jewish prayer-books of the portions referring to the hopes of Israel in the restitution of the Holy Land to the possession of Israel, and the rebuilding of the temple by Divine Providence." The *Times* considers it "not only a folly but a crime to feed the sickly imagination of poor ignorant people by the hallucination; as if one spot on earth had a greater value in the eyes of God, and prayers sent up to heaven from a certain locality find sooner a hearing from the throne divine." According to a recent decision of 400 Rabbis, the omission of the prayer for the advent of Messiah and the restoration of the Sacrifices, is equivalent to a denial of the faith.

Our Social Meeting.

Rev. J. P. Otis discourses thus critically upon the preliminary services of the sanctuary:—

In the *HERALD* of July 25, there appeared an article, under the title "Short Sermons," which seems to advocate some erroneous, or at least unguarded views concerning public worship. In the simple order of non-ritualistic churches the services of the Lord's day consist of Scripture readings, an extemporaneous prayer by the minister only, the singing of a couple of hymns, a sermon, a brief prayer, another hymn, and the benediction. This in some denominations is varied by a brief prayer of invocation, and among Methodists should always be varied by all the people joining in the repetition of the Lord's Prayer. All of this except the sermon your correspondent dubs with the name, "preliminaries," and makes petition that they be not "unnecessarily lengthy;" and that the poor, half-suffocated sermon have "a chance."

Now, is it not true that we of simpler, and more puritanic ideas concerning the observances of God's house, have fallen into some grave errors in this matter? Recoiling from the mummeries of Popery, and the wearisome formalities of other distinctively ritualistic churches, we have gone to the opposite extreme, and reduced all except the sermon to mere formal "preliminaries;" and of their skeleton service the choir is often suffered to monopolize a chief share. But is it not the true idea of a Sabbath service that it should be a unit, an organic whole, with no useless or discordant parts? The preacher selects his hymns with reference not so much to their containing the words of his text as to their tendency to excite in the people's hearts proper feelings with respect to his subject. They are so read as to make the people feel them, and are sung to tunes in which the people can join. With equal care the lessons are selected and read, the people being invited to bring their Bibles and read responsively; or if all cannot bring Bibles, then they are provided for the poor and strangers by the Church. Then, when the preacher kneels before the people, he does not pray in a perfunctory way a prayer less beautiful than the Book of Common Prayer provides, and less hearty than true extemporaneous prayer; but a petition from a heart full of the subject he is to speak upon, full of the needs of the people, and full of Christlike love for sinful men, is poured out before the throne of grace. Do such "preliminaries" choke the sermon? Nay, they open for it a way to the hearts of men, and make many a shabby discourse of human patching up, all radiant with the divine glory.

A truly venerable and beloved layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church writes thus earnestly in reference to a matter often discussed, but evidently still unsettled:

Why does the Lord's Prayer, as found in our Discipline, vary in its phraseology from that found in our Bibles? Should there not be some authorized standard, form, and text for that prayer; and should not the one found in our Bibles be accepted as such? If not, where shall we find one? Shall each religious denomination use one of its own? Do not differing forms of this prayer cause confusion in its repetition, as the writer has frequently noticed? Of all those who use the Lord's Prayer, a very small per centage learn it in the Methodist Discipline. If one denomination takes such liberty with this portion of Scripture, may not others take similar liberties?

I believe the Romanists have taken the same freedom with the Decalogue; do we sanction and endorse their action? Those beautiful productions of the artist which adorn our parlors, how do they read? Where comes in the necessity of these discrepancies? Should the Bible conform to our Discipline, or our Discipline to the Bible?

D. P. Lindsay writes thus earnestly, from Andover, Mass.:—

I was deeply moved by the article of Mr. Field, in one of your late issues, concerning the study of the Bible in our institutions of learning. I hope and trust that his proposition will be enthusiastically supported, and acted on. How can our youth fail to imbibe a lower tone of moral life, when brought intimately in contact with heathen literature, and I might almost say, that alone, in that period of life when they are forming their tastes and characters? When they are taught to admire it as a model of excellence, and mould their style and thought by it? In searching for the causes that threw for many years a shadow over my religious life, and left me only weary years of darkness and doubt, I find no influence (so far as I can trace the course of my thought) so powerful as my sympathy with the classical writers of Greece and Rome. But since I have come again into the life that Christ has given to men, I cannot revive my worship or reverence for a civilization that knew not Christ, and represents but little of His spirit. We wonder at the growth of the Grecian philosophies in modern Athens; but have we not sown and cultivated that inferior philosophy for more than two centuries in all our colleges? And why should it fail to grow and bring forth fruit of its own kind? I do not design to speak in censure of what the educators of the past have done. We had much to learn from Greece and Rome, and have learned much. But we should not forget that Erasmus, who introduced the study of Greek into the universities of Europe, feared that the culture of that language might infuse too much of the spirit of Greece into our schools, and do what we can to show our youth that as scholars, as well as clergymen, we believe that the cross of Christ is the power of God and the wisdom of God.

When our students are taught to judge of literature and art from a moral and Christian point of view, they

will be better prepared to sympathise with Paul, who amid the splendors of Athens was not moved to worship her artists, but "his spirit was stirred within him, when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry," and perceived beneath the drapery of external magnificence the moral deformities of a people that knew not God. Have we not taught our sons to admire, what moved Paul to pity?

Rev. Pliny Wood writes this warm welcome to —
REV. JAMES PORTER, D. D.

I have noticed of late an item going the rounds of the religious and the secular papers, that our esteemed brother whose name stands at the head of this note is making his arrangements to return with his family to Massachusetts, with a view of resuming his work in the old New England Conference, from which he was transferred by the General Conference to the Book Concern at New York more than sixteen years ago. These will be grateful tidings to many throughout New England who have known Dr. Porter in former years as a very efficient and successful collaborator in the Master's vineyard. I am sure a cordial and hearty welcome awaits our brother and his estimable wife in their old home by their old friends, and they are many. Brother, come home.

The Farm and Garden.

IMPROVE YOUR DAIRY.—Do not whiffle about, and run first after this thing, and then after that. Make up your mind what your farm is adapted to, go into it in earnest, and stick to it through thick and thin, and in the long run you will surely win. But do not neglect to avail yourself of all improvements in methods, implements, and machinery. Get all the knowledge you can about your business, keep up a constant search for more in books, papers, observation, experiments, and farmers' clubs. You cannot afford to neglect any of these sources of information, and you will find that a reasonable amount of time spent in the pursuit of knowledge will pay you better than hard work or any other investment.

Above all, if you are engaged in dairying, seek to improve your dairy stock. It will not pay you to buy blooded stock to put in your herd of cows for milking purposes, but it will pay you to get some of the Short-horn, or Ayrshire, or Holstein blood into your herd. Perhaps no one man in a neighborhood is able to buy a full-blooded male; but three or four, or half a dozen can unite and buy such an animal—or one practically just as good, having a thirty-second or sixty-fourth part of other blood in his veins, and, therefore, of less value to the breeder of pure bloods—and you can breed from this animal and your best cows, for your own use. You can again breed from the most valuable milkers of these crosses, and in time to get up a herd better even for dairy purposes than pure bloods would be, for you can, by using judgment and care, engraft on to your best stock all the better qualities of the pure bloods, and retain the advantage of hardiness, which the imported pure bloods, and we think even the natives, lack. In this way you can avail yourselves of all the good qualities of both the common stock and of the pure bloods—and among our common stock are found many valuable animals. There is no doubt that with care and time we might, by bringing together only the better specimens of our native stock, develop very superior breeds of animals. It is in this way that the families of pure bloods have been brought into existence. But we cannot afford the time and expense for development, so long as we have within our reach families with which we can cross with the certainty of immediate valuable results. It is wisdom to use all the advantages presented, and among the most important to the dairyman we consider the opportunity to improve his herd by introducing the pure blood which can be obtained of our best breeders.—*Utica Herald.*

FRUITS AND BERRIES.—Fruits and berries at this season of the year are not only precious luxuries, but the great promoters of health. They act upon the liver, promoting that secretion naturally, which many are in the habit of obtaining only by the means of artificial medicines. They thus avert many a disease resulting from a torpid condition of the liver. Another way in which they act beneficially is the mechanical effect their little seeds produce in passing through the bowels, very much the same as the watering of an irritated eyeball when any hard substance touches that delicate organ, and this water, by dissolving the hardened contents of constipated bowels, keeps them in a healthier state than any pill or purgative invented by the apothecary. No doubt that in the summer and fall seasons people who live mainly on fruits and berries and coarse bread can almost insure exemption from sickness, while those who eat heartily of solid meats and vegetables two or three times a day are liable to all the diseases that flesh is heir to.

GARDENING IN THE EVENING OF LIFE.—I would recommend it to every man, especially in the autumn of life, to take to gardening, if he has not already experienced its pleasures. Of all occupations in the world, it is the one which best combines repose and activity. It is not idleness; it is not stagnation; and yet it is perfect quietude. Like all things mortal, it has its failures and disappointments, and there are some things hard to understand. But it is never without its rewards, and perhaps if there were nothing but successful cultivation, the aggregate enjoyment would be less. It is better for the occasional shadows to come over the scene. The discipline too is most salutary. It tries our patience, and it tries our faith. But even in the worst of seasons, there is far more to reward and encourage than to dis-

hearten and disappoint. There is no day of the year without something to afford tranquil pleasure to the cultivator of flowers, something on which the mind may rest—rest with profit and delight.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

HOING POTATOES.—*The Ohio Farmer* says: "One of the secrets of success in potato-growing is in giving them a hoeing at the proper stage of growth; one hilling is sufficient, and this should be given when the vines are about six inches high. Previous to this, use the cultivator freely—keep the earth loose on the surface, and free from weeds. When at the stage of growth mentioned, give a good hilling, making the mound broad and flat on top, and a little cupping; after this, do no more than cut out weeds. The hoeing is best done soon after a rain. Some advocate flat culture, and others two hillings, but we have never succeeded with either of those plans, nor do the most successful potato-growers advocate them. Two hillings will make two settings, and result in a large number of small potatoes at harvest-time. Flat culture may do on a deep, loamy soil, where the roots can ramify and form tubers readily; but a clay soil hilling in the old-fashioned way, is the one most certain to make good returns."

THINNING GRAPES.—We think it a matter of the utmost importance that early attention be given to thinning the fruit on the vine. It gives larger bunches and berries, and aids greatly in equalizing the product. Some wonder what is gained in thinning, if the same weight of fruit is produced may or may not be the case as the thinning is performed; but supposing that two bunches are grown instead of three, as would be the case if not thinned, all the facts in nature show that the vital functions are exhausted to the greatest extent in perfecting the seed; and if a third of this exhaustion is prevented, even if much juice and pulp is formed, it economizes the vitality of the vine.

Obituaries.

STEPHEN CUSHING was promoted from the Church militant to the Church triumphant, July 22, 1872, at the age of 88 years, 1 month, and 1 day.

He served God and humanity well. Pleasing must be the memories of the departing hour, gathered from the reminiscences of a long life-service in the cause of the Master. It is opportune to pass away from the activities of life when the eye is dim, the step infirm, and the hand palsied.

Father Cushing was received as a member in the Bromfield Street Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston, by Elijah Hedding, in 1811. By his consistent life and faithful service he won the respect and esteem of his early associates in Christian labor. In May, 1830, he changed his residence to Ashburnham, and at once took a prominent and efficient position among the official members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this place, and lived to see it develop into a strong Church—a centre of moral and spiritual power. He held the respect of his fellow-citizens, who honored him with public trusts. The interests of morality, temperance, and virtue found in him a tried and true friend. "In the Legislature of 1838 he presented, as one of the Representatives of Ashburnham, the first petition for a prohibitory law—to prevent the sale of intoxicating liquors." Until within a few years he was a constant attendant upon the means of grace. More recently the infirmities of age pressed upon him, and his enfeebled powers of body and mind elicited rare filial devotion in assiduous care. His companion, with whom he had lived in sweet Christian communion for many years, died almost a score of years since. His children—one of whom, Rev. Stephen Cushing, has long been a member of the New England Conference—all survive him, and were enabled to be in attendance at his funeral.

As a Christian, he was conciliatory, consistent, and efficient. To his naturally amiable qualities there were added the graces of the Spirit.

AUSTIN F. HERRICK.

Ashburnham, Mass.

Rev. FRANCIS C. AYER was born in Cornish, Me., Nov. 1, 1813, and died at Bowdoinham, Me., May 10, 1872.

He was converted to God in 1843; received license to exhort in 1846; joined the Maine Conference in 1849; and spent his itinerant life at the following places: In 1849, at Scarborough; 1850-51, at South Biddeford; 1852-53, at York; 1854, at Kittery; 1855-56, at Berwick; 1857, at Scarborough; 1858, at Newfield; 1859-60, at Goodwin's Mills; 1861, at South Waterford; 1862, at Bridgton; 1863, at York; 1864, at Newfield; 1865, at North Gorham and Standish; 1866-67-68, at Cape Elizabeth Depot; 1869, at Winthrop; 1870-71, at Bowdoinham.

Brother Ayer possessed many valuable traits of character. He was endowed with a large share of common sense, which enabled him to acquire an accurate and thorough knowledge of men and things. He was an earnest man. Thousands who have listened to his public communications will bear me witness when I say that few men have evinced a more earnest desire to honor God and serve men than Brother Ayer.

He was a practical man. He believed that the Christian religion was designed to be carried into all the varied relations and activities of life; that it was designed to aid and bless man in every department of human existence. Hence, when not employed in his pastoral work, or his studies and public labors, he was always engaged in some temporal work that promised good to himself or others. He was never unemployed.

He was eminently social and companionable in his intercourse with others. Kind and affectionate at home and abroad, he made friends wherever he went; and his opponents were those only who were displeased with his plain, outspoken, and fearless manner of rebuking sin and error. His preaching talent was above mediocrity; his sermons were plain, pointed, and practical, though sometimes he would soar aloft with wonderful eloquence and power. God blessed his labors, and we believe that a great many souls will rise up and call him blessed in the great day of final adjustment.

His last sickness (an affection of the liver) was of ten months' duration, subjecting him to extreme suffering; this was peculiarly the case during the last two months of his life, all of which he bore with patience, Christian fortitude, and resignation to the Divine will. The writer had frequent interviews with him during his sickness, and when interrogated with reference to the state of his mind, the answer invariably was, "I am on the Rock, brother; all is right."

When the final hour came, as he sat upon the bed, supported by his wife and two sons, he said, "I am going; lay me down, boys;" when he passed away without a struggle or a groan. Thus the good man lives, and thus the good man dies. May my last end be like his.

C. C. CONE.

MIRIAM SMITH died in Orrington, Me., June 30, aged 84 years.

She belonged to Christ for years past, and was one of His sufferers. She knew, by personal experience, what "hard times" means. But out of all troubles and conflicts, sorrows,

cares, and pains, she has been delivered, and the good Lord hath taken her to realms of endless peace.

FRANCES M., wife of Edgar P. Littlefield, and daughter of S. A. Baker, of Orrington, died in Brewer, Me., July 2, aged 23 years and 7 months.

She had been married only some eight months. She had been a professor of religion since 1864, but did not join the Church till last spring, since which time, till death, she daily grew in grace. She was a Christian lady, and much beloved, and is greatly missed; but she died in holy triumph.

Orrington, Me.

WM. T. JEWELL.

Mrs. DOROTHY ABBOTT died in Stow, Me., July 6, 1872, very suddenly, of heart disease, aged 64 years.

Sister Abbott has been for many years a worthy member and faithful Christian. She has passed through some of the severest trials of life, but she has departed herself as a Christian. She was happy in Jesus, and was waiting and desiring to depart and be with Christ. Death came suddenly; but the Christian is ready. After tea, she went out to walk in the field, and a few rods from the house fell in the grass, unseen by mortal eye, and died apparently without a struggle.

A. H. WITHAM.

MARY E. HOLDEN, wife of Benjamin S. Holden, died in Sweden, Me., July 17, 1872, of consumption, aged 28 years. Sister Holden sought and found Jesus precious to her soul in 1865, under the faithful labors of Rev. Charles Andrews, and has ever remained a consistent Christian, and worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. She was faithful in life as a wife and mother, was very happy during her sickness, and gloriously triumphed as she drew near to death. Thus dieth the Christian.

A. H. WITHAM.

Died, in Lunenburg, Dec. 29, 1871, Mrs. HANNAH WHITING, aged 95 years and 5 months.

This amiable and Christlike old lady was converted under the labors of Rev. Josiah Crowell in 1804, and was one of the first class organized in that place, consisting of eight members. One of which yet survives—a sister of the deceased. She suffered much from deafness for a number of years, but retained her mental and physical powers surprisingly until near the close of life. Her faith in Christ, and her attachment to the Church grew brighter and stronger, until called to her reward.

C. E. HARDING.

Fitchburg, Aug. 12.

Fell "asleep in Jesus," in Williston, Vt., July 25, 1872, OLIVE WELLS, aged 88 years.

Sister Wells gave herself to the service of Christ at the early age of fifteen, at which time she united with the Baptist Church at Windsor, Ct. After removing to Vermont, and lapsing in a measure from her former Christian assurance, she was reclaimed to God under the preaching of the early Methodists, and became one of the pioneers of that denomination in the town in which she died. For above half a century this mother in Israel was a "burning and shining light." Placed in the midst of circumstances most trying to Christian principle and purpose, her entire character became sanctified to holy ends; and in due time the fire she kindled at her family altar, and at the table of God's bounty, burned its way not only into the outside neighbourhood, but into the heart of her companion, enabling him, after years of Christian faithfulness, to go home "washed in the blood of the Lamb." Her fidelity to the cause of God in the midst of poverty, devoting herself with energy up to the week of her departure, to the support of the Gospel and its benevolent institutions, has left behind her an influence for good that will live when "time shall be no longer."

Truly she has—

"Fallen as sets the sun at eve,
To rise in splendor, where
His kindred luminaries shine,
Their heaven of bliss to share;
Beyond the stormy battle-field
She reigns and triumphs now,
Sweeping a harp of wondrous song,
With glory on her brow."

T. C. POTTER.

Died, of lung fever, in Wetmore, Kansas, March 3, 1872, Mrs. MATILDA E. BAXTER, aged 37 years, 6 months, and 20 days.

She was formerly of Maine, and adopted daughter of Jane D. and the late L. D. Lombard. She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in her youth. She passed away, trusting in Jesus. The One that could support her through the dark vale, could and would care for her darling babes.

J. D. L.

Portland.

Died, of consumption, in Staffordville, Ct., May 9, 1872, Mrs. LYDIA REED, aged 46 years.

In early life Sister Reed became the subject of converting grace, and first connected herself with the Church in Wales, Mass., under the labors of Rev. Wm. Gordon. After several years, the family having removed to this place, she united with the Methodist Church here, of which she remained a worthy member, giving evidence to all of an earnest and sincere piety. As Sister R. had enjoyed a present and full salvation in years of health, so in her sickness and dying hour she gave a clear evidence of sustaining and triumphant grace through Jesus Christ.

M. R.

Staffordville, Ct., July 29, 1872.

Died, in Staffordville, Ct., July 16, 1872, RODOLPHUS SPAULDING, aged 85 years.

Brother Spaulding, during the former and greater part of his Christian life, was a member of the Baptist Church at Stafford; but as he became infirm and feeble under increasing age, he was unable to attend the Church of his early choice; he therefore chose to enter the communion of the Methodist Church in this place, which he also did. He was at his accustomed church on the Sunday before his death, and on the day on which he died, he took dinner at the residence of his granddaughter, only a few steps from his own residence; and at half-past one o'clock the wheels of life had ceased to move.

M. R.

Staffordville, Ct., July 29, 1872.

LYDIA G. TILLEY, wife of Aaron S. Tilley, died in Newport, R. I., July 21, aged 49 years and 10 months.

The deceased was a woman of more than ordinary energy of character, and her death makes a great void in the Church. Her sickness was very long and very painful, but was borne with exemplary patience. She calmly contemplated her approaching dissolution, and died in great peace and in great hope.

D. P. L.

Died, in West Milbury, Mass., May 26, MARTHA F. GLOVER, aged 35 years and 7 months.

Sister Glover, for over 20 years was an active, earnest, and effective worker for Jesus, and a member of our Church. She experienced the saving power of grace in East Douglass, Mass., during the labors of Brother Mason in that place; from which time until death, through much affliction and trial, she found almost unbroken peace and joy in her Saviour. Her closing moments of life were those of great triumph. For in very soul rapture she welcomed the death-angel as one through which she expected to reach the brightness of God's glory. She passed away with the light of immortality beaming upon her soul.

J. W. MALCOLM.

Died, in Cornish, N. H., August 1, SARAH TINKHAM, wife of Jacob Chase, aged 78 years and 14 months.

Sister Chase was an estimable woman, prized as a Christian, and will be greatly missed as a companion and mother. But her long continued attachment to the Saviour, and her triumph over the fear of death, with a desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better, give us the best assurance that our loss is her gain.

B. P. SPALDING.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
Central Vermont Camp-meeting, Northfield,	Aug. 19
Charleston Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19
Sterling Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19
Poland Camp-meeting,	Aug. 19-26
Coos Ministerial Association, at Milan,	Aug. 20-22
Camp-meeting at Hamilton,	Aug. 20-28
East Livermore Camp-meeting,	Aug. 20-26
Hedding Camp-meeting, at E. Epping, N. H.,	Aug. 26
Springfield District Camp-meeting, at Northampton,	Aug. 26-31
Northport, Conference Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26
Kennebunk Camp-meeting,	Aug. 26-31
South Windsor Camp-meeting,	Sept. 2-7
Willimantic Camp-meeting,	Sept. 2
Hodgdon Camp-meeting,	Sept. 2
East Machias (Jacksonville) Camp-meeting,	Sept. 2
Wilmot Camp-meeting,	Sept. 2-7
Lincoln Camp-meeting,	Sept. 9
Lisbon Camp-meeting,	Sept. 9-14
Stark Camp-meeting,	Sept. 9-14
New Portland Camp-meeting,	Sept. 9-14
Rockland District Association, at Rockland,	Sept. 14-18
Boston University: School of Theology opens	Sept. 11
" " College of Music opens	Sept. 16
" " School of Law opens	Oct. 2

The Secular World.

LATEST NEWS.

During a brief but severe tornado on Saturday, 17th inst., the roof of the boarding-house of the academy at Wilbraham was blown off. The loss to the institution is estimated at some \$3,500.

The large granite block 80, 82, 84, and 86 Pearl St., Boston, occupied by dealers and manufacturers of leather, caught fire in the upper story on Saturday evening, and the damage was over \$100,000. The firemen worked nearly three hours before the flames were under control.

Two vessels arrived at New York, Sunday, with the yellow-fever on board, and there are now twenty-eight yellow-fever patients at the quarantine hospital.

The slaughter of the rebels in Cuba continues, but the Spanish authorities admit that a winter campaign will be necessary.

Despatches from Monterey announce the termination of the revolution in Mexico.

The steamer Seawanaka, a Sound boat, met with an accident last week, which was near proving disastrous. The piston became detached, and falling on the cylinder, broke it, so that the steam escaped with great violence. The passengers were terribly alarmed, but were rescued by another boat and brought in safety to New York.

A disastrous flood has occurred at Santa Fé. But little credit is given to the reports of diamond discoveries.

Stanley has received medals from the geographical societies of Florence and St. Petersburg.

Later news from Honduras shows that tranquillity has been restored, but that the foreign merchants resident there have suffered severely on account of the revolution.

Cardinal Antonelli is involved in a quarrel with the Pope, and says he will resign if his holiness persevere in his policy of hostility to the Italian government.

It is officially reported that General Diaz has decided to lay down his arms, and that this act marks the final close of the rebellion in Mexico.

The President has pardoned four of the Ku-Klux prisoners at Albany who were shown to have joined the order in ignorance of its real character.

On the afternoon of the 15th about thirty boys made their escape from the State Reform School at Westboro'. Information was at once despatched to the police departments of the different cities and towns, to keep a look-out and arrest any of them that might be found.

The annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science opened at Brighton on the evening of the 14th. Dr. Carpenter presided. In his opening address he alluded in terms of warm praise to Dr. Livingstone, who persisted in remaining in Africa in the inter-

est of science. He also praised Mr. Stanley, who was present, for the bravery he displayed in carrying out the mission to ascertain the whereabouts of Dr. Livingstone. The speech was loudly cheered. Mr. Stanley was twice compelled to rise and acknowledge the greeting tendered him. Ex-Emperor Napoleon was also present, and warmly applauded Mr. Stanley.

The house of the poet Whittier, in Amesbury, was struck by lightning last week, at the moment he was passing from the hall to his study, and was prostrated to the floor; but his many friends will be glad to hear he was not seriously injured, and his house not much damaged.

There has been a conflict between the French and Irish dock laborers in Quebec, and serious results are feared.

The new postal cards will not be ready for use for three months.

The reported invasion of Abyssinia by Egyptians is denied.

Corea spurns the demands made upon her by the Japanese government, offers to fight at any moment, and even threatens to attack the Mikado's empire.

The repeal of the party procession act was celebrated by the Catholics in Ireland last week. In Belfast a riot occurred, in which one man was shot. There were also slight disturbances in Dublin.

Emilio Benard, the new minister from Nicaragua, was formally received in Washington on the 16th.

The damage by fire in the press and paper room of the *Christian Union*, New York, last week, aggregates over \$30,000.

The board of arbitration met at noon on the 16th, and after a session of one hour, adjourned until Monday. Jacob Staempfi, the Swiss arbitrator, to-day said, he hoped all the work of the board would be finished in three weeks.

A special despatch to the *Standard* from Paris says, that at the meeting of the emperors in Berlin, a proposition will be made for a congress of European powers to sanction the territorial modifications of France, the occupation of Rome, and the revision of the treaty of Paris of 1856.

SPRINGFIELD DISTRICT, MASS.

The preachers of Springfield District held one of their most interesting meetings with the Shelburne Falls people on Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 6 and 7. Bro. Dyer, of Greenfield, gracefully presided, and the usual secretary drove the quill. About a score of the brethren left their homes for this rural retreat, and found hearty and willing friends ready to greet them, while the beauties of nature displayed themselves everywhere.

An hour was very profitably and happily spent in rehearsing the condition of the various charges on the district. In some places God's work is advancing very prosperously, and everywhere is there a desire and prayer that the spirit of revival will soon manifest itself among the people.

Bro. Chapman presented an admirable and richly-worded essay, on the "Relation of Esthetics to Piety;" Brother Thayer discussed at length, the "Object of Preaching;" Brother Thorndike conversed familiarly and critically on "Singing as an Agent in Worship;" and one other presented a statistical review of "Methodism in Franklin Co.," showing that, for every two Methodists in the county, there are three Baptists, six Congregationalists, and two Unitarians; and that Methodism has largely kept pace with the population for the past forty years; and Brother Frost read an article on "Christian Perfection." All these articles were followed by discussion, more or less prolonged. The best of spirits pervaded the meeting, and all voted the gathering a success. The next meeting will occur in October, at Southampton.

After the meeting a company of preachers and friends made a very pleasant trip to Hoosac Tunnel, where the proprietors of the Hoosac Tunnel House, a temperance hotel, made all pleasant for the party, and charged a reduced rate. The sights are well worth seeing, and the gentlemanly proprietors of the hotel, Messrs. Tower and Nelson, will make all who give them a call, very comfortable.

HOLYOKE.—The good people of Holyoke, through one of the sisters of the Church, Miss M. M. Goodman, surprised their pastor, Rev. T. J. Abbott, on Sunday evening, July 28, with a purse of seventy-five dollars, to purchase a tomb-stone for his beloved companion, Mrs. Lizzie M. Abbott, whose remains are deposited in one of their cemeteries.

They expressed to him their affection for Mrs. A., whose short life among them had shown them how faithfully a Christian can live, and how triumphantly one may die.

If you desire rosy cheeks and a complexion fair and free from Pimples, Blotches, and Eruptions, purify your blood by taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It has no equal for this purpose.

Messrs. Gwynne & Day, of New York, announce that they have only a few remaining of the 8 per cent. bonds of Greene County, Mo., which they have been selling rapidly. The county has an assessed valuation of \$8,000,000, and a total indebtedness of only \$415,000. Such a showing ought to make the bonds a favorite investment.

The SALEM SHADE ROLLER is a real comfort in a home.

Wisdom displayed by having casters on your Sewing Machine.

Business Notices.

LOCKWOOD'S CATARRH CURE.—Positive Cures. Never fails. Rev. R. B. LOCKWOOD, Proprietor, Jersey City Heights, N. J. GEO. C. GOODWIN & Co., Agents in Boston. Sold by Druggists generally for 50 cents. Sent by mail 60 cents.

I. B. SAMUELS & G. E. DICKEY, ARCHITECTS,
40 Court Street, cor. Tremont,
BOSTON.

G. E. DICKEY and I. B. SAMUELS, Manchester, N. H.

CAUTION. Parties purchasing "WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA" expecting to find it a beverage containing alcohol, like the vile "Bitters" advertised (which only aggravate the disease, and bring on others) will be disappointed. It is a MEDICINE carefully compounded on scientific principles, taken in teaspoonful doses, and has proved to be the only CURE for the disease ever brought forward. For sale by all druggists.

Adamson's Balsam cures Asthma, Coughs, Colds, Lung Complaints. Price 25 and 75 cents.

Castoria—a substitute for Castor Oil—is a physic which does not distress or gripe, but is to be used when all other remedies have failed. You may confidently rely upon the Castoria in Stomach Ache, Constipation, Flatulency, Croup, Worms, Piles or deranged Liver. It contains neither Mineral, Morphine, Opium, nor Alcohol, but is purely a vegetable preparation, perfectly harmless, and above all, pleasant to take. The Castoria soothes and quiets the system, and produces a natural, healthy action. It is a wonderful thing to soothe the food of children and prevent them from crying. A 35 cent bottle will do the work for a family and save many doctors' bills.

IN THE CITY OR COUNTRY,
No Family should be without a box of
SANFORD'S Compound Hamamelis,
Or, WITCH HAZEL OINTMENT.

This most perfect preparation of a highly medicinal shrub is equally good for Man or Beast, and is sold everywhere at 50 cents and \$1.00 a Box. Its virtues in all cases of inflammation are celebrated, while its curative properties are unequaled in all cases of Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Carbuncles, Tumors, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Sprains, Boils, Scatches, Galls, Cuts, Ringbone, Spavin, Sore, Chafing, Felo-de-toe, Piles.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.
WEEKS & POTTER, GENERAL AGENTS, Boston, Mass.
109 cow

Best and Oldest Family Medicine.—*Sanford's Liver Regulator*.—A purely Vegetable Cathartic and Tonic—for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick-headache, Bilious Attacks, and all derangement of Liver, Stomach, and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of Imitations.

INVALIDS should bear in mind that Atwood's QUININE TONIC Bitters are found efficacious for general debility, dyspepsia, diarrhoea, colic, fever and ague, acidity of the stomach, loss of sleep, and for encouraging an appetite.

PHYSICIANS SAY IT.—VEGETINE gives an equal circulation of the blood. All physicians will agree that there is scarcely a disease but that could almost instantly be disposed of if pure blood could be circulated generously through the parts affected. Now, this is the way in which VEGETINE performs its wonderful cures. VEGETINE is exclusively a vegetable compound, made from roots, herbs, and barks.

Williams' Jamaica Ginger, used freely, prevents diarrhoea or summer complaint.

Commercial.

WHOLESALE PRICES.
BOSTON MARKET.
August 17, 1879.

GOLD.—115½ @ 115¾.
FLOUR.—Superfine, 5.50 @ \$5.75; extra, \$6.25 @ \$6.00; Michigan, \$5.00 @ \$5.20; St. Louis, \$5.00 @ \$5.10; Southern Flour, \$6.75 @ 12.00.
CORN.—Western Yellow, 71 @ 72 cents; Western Mixed, 69 @ 71c. bushel.
RYE.—35 @ 36c. per bushel.
OATS.—43 @ 54c. bushel.
SHORTS.—25.00 @ \$27.00 per ton.
FINE FEED.—\$25.00 @ 27.00.
SEED.—Timothy, Herd's Grass, \$3.50 @ \$3.75; Red Top, \$4.25 @ 4.65 per sack; R. I. Bent, \$3.00 @ 3.50 bushel; Clover, 11 @ 12c. per lb.
BUTTER.—20 @ 25c.
CHEESE.—Factory, 12½c. @ 10c; Dairy, 10 @ 11c. EGGS.—24 @ 25 cents per doz.
HAY.—Eastern pressed 28.00 @ 31.00 per ton.
POTATOES.—\$2.00 @ 2.25 per bbl.
DRIED APPLES.—0 @ 00 cents per b.
PORK.—\$17.50 @ 18.50; Lard, 9½ @ 10c; Hams 14½c. SWEET POTATOES.—\$0.00 per barrel.
BEANS.—Extra Pea, \$4.00 @ \$4.25; medium \$3.25 @ 3.50 bush; common, \$2.00 @ 0.00.
LEMONS.—\$5.50 @ 7.50 per box.
ORANGES.—\$0.00 per box.
APPLES.—\$1.50 @ 2.50 per bbl.
STRING BEANS.—\$3.25 @ 0.00 per bbl.
BEETS.—\$1.25 @ 1.50 per bbl.
ONIONS.—50 cents dozen bunches.
POULTRY.—24 @ 30c. per b.
CARROTS.—\$1.50 per bushel.
TURNIPS.—\$1.00 @ 1.25 per bushel.
CABBAGE.—\$13.00 @ 18.00 per hundred.
FRESH TOMATOES.—\$1.50 @ 0.00 per bushel.
WHORTLEBERRIES.—\$3.50 @ 0.00 per bushel.
PRACHES.—\$2.50 @ 5.00 per crate.
MARBOW SQUASH.—\$1.75 @ 2.00 per cwt.
WATERMELONS.—12½ @ 30 cents each by the hund.

REMARKS.—The demand for Flour is steady, and prices are firm. Oats 4 cents higher than last week. But little doing in Seed. Tomatoes down to \$1.50, with large arrivals. Carrots and Turnips selling now by the bushel. No Oranges in Market. Pork at steady prices.

The Markets.

BRIGHTON CATTLE MARKET.

Weekly receipt of Cattle, Sheep, and Swine.
Cattle, 3,200; Sheep and Lambs, 11,988; Swine, 10,800; number of Western Cattle, 2,679; Eastern, 600; Working Oxen Cows and Northern Cattle, 350. Cattle left on Monday last week, 900.
Prices of Beef Cattle—hundred pounds live weight.—Extra, \$7.75 @ 8.12½; first quality, \$7.00 @ 7.50; second quality, 6.25 @ 6.57½; third quality, 4.75 @ 5.75; poor quality, 3.25 @ 4.50; butchers' stock, \$3.50 @ 4.50 per hundred. Nearly all the Beef Cattle are sold by the pound live weight.
Brighton Hides—5 @ 9½c. per lb.
Brighton Tallow—6 @ 8½c. per lb.
Country Skins—c @ each.
Hides—@ 9c. per lb. for country.
Tallow—5 @ 5½c. per lb. for country.
Sheep Skins—\$1.00 each.
Calf Skins—16 @ 18c. per lb.
Wool Sheep Skins, \$3.00 @ 4.25 each.
Sheared Sheep Skins—50 cents each.
Dairy Skins—\$1.00 @ 1.25 each.
Lamb Skins—\$1.00 each.
Working Oxen. On account of there not being any Cattle in Market from Maine for several months past there has been but a few pairs of Working Oxen in Market each week, and probably the supply this fall will not be so large as it has been for several weeks past. We quote sales at \$220, 180, 160 @ 140.
Store Cattle. With the exception of Milch Cows, there has been but a few in Market, most of the small Cattle that are in a fair condition being sold for Beef.
Milch Cows. Extra, \$55 @ 90; ordinary, 25 @ 50; Store Cows, \$16 @ 35 per head, or much according to their value for Beef. Prices of Milch Cows depend much upon the fancy of the purchaser. Many of the Milch Cows that are in a good, fair condition are bought up to slaughter. Most of those in Market are of a common grade.
Sheep and Lambs. Those from the West were all owned by butchers, and cost, for Sheep, from 5½ to 6½ cents per lb. Lambs from 8½ to 10 cents per lb. The trade for Northern Lambs was dull, and prices lower than those of last week. Many of the lots were taken by the butchers to kill and market for the drovers.
Swine. Store Pigs—wholesale, 5½ @ 6 cents per lb.; retail, 6 @ 8 cts. per lb. Columbia Pigs—whole, 8 @ 10 cts.; retail, 10 @ 12 cts. per lb. Fat Hogs—10,500 at Market. Price 5½ @ 5½ cts. per lb. The Store Pig trade is very dull.

REMARKS.—The supply of Western Cattle in Market for the week was not quite so large as that of one week ago. The quality of the Beef Cattle in Market was mostly of a common grade. The best lots sold quick at prices full as high, and in some instances higher, than they did at last Market, some of the best Beesves selling at 8½ cents per lb. From the North there was a good supply of small Cattle, which sold quick. Among those from the West were several hundred Texas Cattle, many of which sell at lowest quotations, and the demand for them is not so active as it is for good Cattle.

Money Letters Received to Aug. 17.

G W Butters, F O Blair, F Bolton, P Chandler, D Creamer, C E Dorr, R S Dixon, C M Dinsmore, W Dixon, J R Edwards, S E Fernald, C N Hinckley, W M Hubbard, D F Hurlburt, C A King, A Kendall, J E Jenne, G C Noyes, J M Pillsbury, A Palmer, W H Parmenter, F Richardson, E Warriner.

Methodist Book Depository.

Money Letters Received from Aug. 10 to Aug. 17.

C Beale, I T Bronson, B B Byrne, M C Beale, J W Cole, W J Clifford, G W Dorr, J T Davis, S L Doane, C W Durgin, J C Estes, W Farr, H F Flisk, D E Fulmer, N F Graves, J G Gammon, D Godfrey, J. J. L. Hartford, T P Howes, L A Horr, N M Haley, Geo E Harrington, E P Hazeltine, H L Halsey, Geo L Kimball, C K Lunt, S F Lee, I Mosler, O W Mack, C E Monroe, F Nichols, J W Perry, D B Randall, C

